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The Nation.

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BUSH, GORE & BIG TOBACCO
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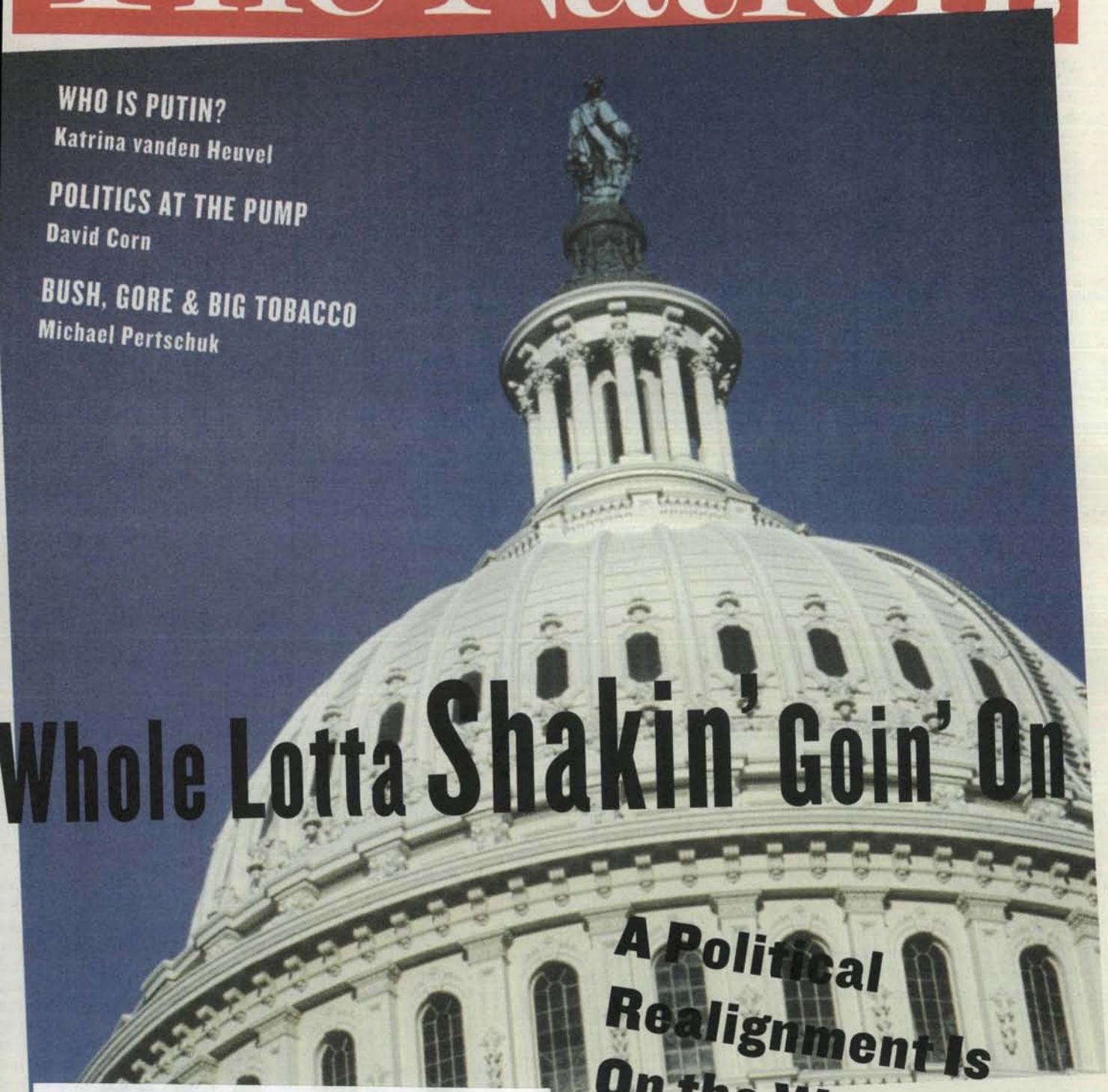

Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On

A Political Realignment Is On the Way

by WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

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LETTERS

WHERE'S THE OUTRAGE?

New York City

■ *The Nation*'s response to the Amadou Diallo verdict is as pallid as its "Not Guilty?" headline [March 20]. It appears largely to swallow the police story, fails to mention the 48-hour rule or the fact that the shooters had more than a year to concoct a "consistent" story. Why no mention of Mrs. Diallo's not being called to the stand when her testimony that her son was left-handed would have punched a hole in the police tale? Most disturbing is that *The Nation*'s anemic response to the murder of a man in his own doorway is similar to that of the state prosecutors. White publications with radical credentials used to use an old and tested rule in racial incidents: Reverse the race to find what is just. Then they voiced their outrage. What has happened to such publications, this useful rule and the outrage?

WILLIAM LOREN KATZ
LAURIE R. LEHMAN

New York City

■ To what do we owe the meek editorial on the Diallo verdict? According to the only credible eyewitness, Diallo had one hand in his pocket and the other in full view. The officers did not testify "consistently" that they mistook his wallet for a gun—the wallet never left his pocket. How the officers "came across" was as remorseless liars, but, like the corporate press we read *The Nation* to get away from, you trusted its version of events and ignored its inconsistencies as well as the forensic evidence and other witnesses. The jury was as surrounded as Diallo was by his killers: The defense, the prosecution and the judge backed them into a corner, where they could see no alternative but to set the killers free and, willingly or not, endorse the NYPD's license to kill. Granted, the fix was in long before Diallo was born. The prosecution took a dive. Must *The Nation* follow suit? VAJRA KILGOUR

We fully share the outrage many have voiced. Our point was that, now that the verdict has been rendered, we should focus that outrage on the policing tactics responsible for the Diallo tragedy—and so many others. —The Editors

TIRED OF THE MOB

New York City

■ Thank you, George De Stefano, for "Ungood Fellas" [Feb. 7], which put into words the feelings of so many Italian-Americans. The proliferation of mob-saturated movies, TV shows and even music (like the Italian music CD titled *Mob Hits*) can only have a negative effect on our culture and on the perceptions of others. Italians and Italian-Americans have made countless contributions to society, and it's a pity that inaccurate images shame rather than celebrate our rich culture. TRACY L. HOLLERAN

Chicago

■ Bravo to George De Stefano! Everything he says is borne out by our recent study. Hollywood has produced more than 1,000 movies about Italian-Americans in the sound era, and the results are as follows: 40 percent portray Italians as criminals; 33 percent portray Italians as boors, buffoons, bigots or bimbos; and 27 percent portray our community in positive or non-clichéd terms. The biggest shocker: Of a total of 422 mob movies, only 14 percent are based on real-life criminals. The remaining 86 percent—including those on *The Sopranos*—are fictionalized caricatures. Stanley Tucci (*Big Night*), one of the few Italian-American actors (with John Turturro) to take a public stand against this relentless stereotyping, told *Parade* a few years ago that "Hollywood has robbed Italian-Americans of a lot." He was referring to our diversity, our complexity, our history—indeed, our very dignity. Once Italian-Americans in the arts finally wake up and smell the cappuccino, look out. BILL DAL CERRO
Italic Studies Institute

New York City

■ George De Stefano is incorrect in stating that although many people believe Italian immigrants created organized crime in the United States, "the Irish, Germans and others got there first." In *Low Life*, a book about the underbelly of New York City, Luc Sante attributes the creation of organized crime to Jewish and Italian immigrants. There were Irish and German criminals, but they were, at best, "disorganized." ("Dutch" Schultz and Louis "Lepke" Buchalter—thought to be German—were actually Jewish: Schultz's real name was Arthur Flegenheimer.) Sante states that "the Mafia in its American version...originated in New Orleans in the 1880s, establishing a New York branch about a decade later." This branch—the Black Hand—was probably founded by the early Italian gangster Ignacio Lupo. The earliest Italian crime "empires" in New York were probably those of Joseph Masseria and Salvatore Maranzano, taken over (they murdered them) by Lucky Luciano and Frank Costello.

However, Sante acknowledges that Jewish immigrants probably "organized" crime earlier than the Italians. In fact, Jewish gangsters like Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro and Arnold Rothstein in New York—and especially Abner "Longy" Zwillman in New Jersey—created "organized" crime empires before Luciano and Costello became forces in their own right. Zwillman created a crime empire as early as the late 1910s. As boss of New Jersey, he controlled the docks from which the majority of illegal liquor was distributed during Prohibition. He became partners with (Jewish) liquor barons Joseph Reinfeld, Louis Rosensteil (Schenley) and Sam Bronfman (Seagram's) and was the primary supplier of the New York mob, including Luciano.

It was probably Zwillman who "organized" the Italian and Jewish crime empires by bringing together the top three Jewish mobsters (Meyer Lansky, Bugsy Siegel and himself) and the top three Italian mobsters (Luciano, Costello and Joe Adonis), extending their reach from New York to Chicago and later to Las Vegas. Lucky and Longy—an Italian and a Jew—were the undisputed heads of organized crime for more than twenty-five years. IAN ALTERMAN

DE STEFANO REPLIES

New York City

■ *Mille grazie* to my Italian-American *paesani* and everyone else who wrote to commend my article. It was immensely gratifying to discover that my critique of the Mafia mystique and ethnic stereotyping resonated with so many *Nation* readers. And although the article wasn't really about the origins of US organized crime, Ian Alterman is correct to note the critical role of Jewish gangsters. In fact, I had noted that in my piece, but for space reasons it was edited from the final version. GEORGE DE STEFANO

WHICH PARTY NOW?

New York City

■ Stanley Kutler writes that Senator Robert La Follette "curiously decided to run as a Republican" in the 1946 primary in which he was defeated by Joseph McCarthy [Jan. 24]. Martin Haase ["Letters," March 20] says there's nothing curious about it, as "Young Bob had *always* run as a Republican." Haase is wrong.

In fact, in 1940 young Bob was elected to the Senate as a Progressive, a member of a third party, launched by his brother, that supported the isolationist tradition of their father, one of a few senators who voted against US entry into World War I. In 1946, however, the Progressive Party was no longer an option for young Bob. The party had withered away, largely because of its close association with the isolationist America First movement. Furthermore, World War II had influenced young Bob, along with many others, including me, to change their isolationist position and support the war.

In 1946, as a veteran, I planned to return home to Wisconsin and run for the state legislature. But I had to choose another party. I visited Senator La Follette to ask him what party he was going to select. The Wisconsin Democratic

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EDITORIALS

Who Is Putin?

Russia's third presidential election, on March 26, should have been historic—the first democratic transfer of Kremlin power via the ballot box. Instead it was, as some Moscow analysts argue, a "coup d'état" engineered to protect the oligarchs and corrupt officials left behind by Boris Yeltsin when he resigned. Insofar as returns can be trusted, the voters did not deliver a mandate for any economic program, in a country that remains mired in the worst depression of modern history. Indeed, Vladimir Putin flatly refused to reveal his domestic policies prior to the election.

Putin's success was attributable not just to popular support for his brutal war in Chechnya but also to the state-run media's portrayal of him as the anti-Yeltsin—young, sober, physically robust and in charge. Putin's campaign slogan, "Democracy is the dictatorship of law," adroitly captured Russians' yearning for order, their disenchantment with democracy and freedom, which they associate with economic pain, turmoil and corruption.

As acting President and as a candidate, Putin tried to be all things to all people—a Praetorian to the oligarchs who created him; a Pinochet to the entrepreneurial class that wants markets and private property imposed on the country; a kind of Franklin Roosevelt to the impoverished millions who demand social justice in the form of restored entitlements and improved standards of living; and a patron to the military and security forces, whose budgets he's promised to increase.

Who is the real Putin? He is a President who now must make choices that will define his leadership. A key test will be how he treats the tycoons who control most of Russia's richest and most profitable assets, especially its natural resources. Will he continue Yeltsin's protection of the oligarchy? Or will he seek legitimacy through an assault on it and high-level corruption? It is a misperception that the Russian state is too weak to strike at them. The man who unleashed his security forces to raze Grozny can make war on a handful of plundering oligarchs.

On the one hand, Putin is the oligarchs' creature; on the other, he no doubt understands that if he is ever to bring about Russia's economic recovery, the state needs the enormous wealth the oligarchs have seized in the name of "privatization." The potential benefits of repatriating the wealth that has been taken abroad illegally—between $150 billion and $350 billion, according to some estimates—far exceed all the empty promises of Western foreign investment and burdensome loans. Putin seems prepared to use the state's power to collect taxes, pay back wages and pensions, and mobilize internal resources for investment, which is a start. Poverty in Russia, as he has emphasized, is "mind-boggling."

The votes of those millions of poor Russians contributed to the Communist Party's strong showing (despite being virtually banned from state-run media, its candidate, Gennady Zyuganov, received nearly a third of the votes), refuting the Western axiom that it is moribund. Putin's unusual public acknowledgment of the Communist Party's strength and his admission that the Kremlin has failed to address the problems of the poor and working class suggest that he may extend his alliance with the Communists in the Parliament (a deal struck this past January) to the government he will soon form. If so, as a price for their participation, the Communists will surely demand action against the oligarchs—probably some measure of "deprivatization."

What kind of political system will emerge under Putin? The

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accession to the presidency of a former KGB agent, who spent his formative years in a service that stands for the very antithesis of democratic openness, is troubling. There was little in the campaign to reassure the West of his commitment to basic liberties. The use of the state media to smear liberal reformer Grigory Yavlinsky by playing on anti-Semitism and homophobia had ominous overtones. And Putin's contempt for an independent, critical press was obvious in the rough treatment accorded to the Radio Liberty journalist Andrei Babitsky, whose mistake was reporting the truth about Russian brutality in Chechnya.

For now, the restabilization of Russia's disintegrating nuclear infrastructure and arsenal must be Washington's highest priority. Far-reaching disarmament agreements must be negotiated and programs for Russia's denuclearization seriously funded. For the same reason, nothing should be done to provoke Russia under Putin into building more nuclear weapons—no further expansion of NATO and no building of a National Missile Defense system that would revise the ABM treaty. So far, the signs are not good. Although Putin has urged the new Duma to finally ratify the Start II treaty and has re-established relations with NATO (broken off after the Kosovo war), Washington continues to push for NATO expansion and unilateral revisions to the ABM treaty. And at informal talks in Geneva this past January, Defense Department officials opposed a Russian offer to reduce the number of warheads on each side to 1,500 in the future Start III talks.

Above all, the stability of the world's largest nuclear country depends on its economic recovery. Washington should now respect Russia's ability to decide what constitutes constructive economic policy rather than arrogantly impose conditions. Both Washington and Moscow must understand, after nearly a decade of lost opportunities, that without economic recovery and social justice for the dispossessed, there will be no stability, democracy or pro-Westernism in Russia. KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

Politics at the Pump

Rising gasoline prices are driving Republican politicians mad, not because they can't afford the stuff—oil prices, adjusted for inflation, remain lower than mid-eighties levels—but because they can't figure out how to exploit the irritation at the pump. At first Republican senators and George W. Bush teamed up to call for a rollback of the 1993 4.3-cents-per-gallon hike in the gas tax. This was a twofer, for Vice President Al Gore had cast the tiebreaking vote in favor of the increase. But this tax funds highway construction near and dear to many legislators from both parties. Not surprisingly, Bud Shuster, powerful chairman of the House transportation committee, other Republican House members and transportation lobbyists howled in protest. So much for *that* brainstorm.

So the GOPsters cooked up another idea: legislation requiring President Clinton to cut foreign aid and military sales to countries that "fix" oil prices, i.e., OPEC. But the arms industry, which gave about $3 million to Republicans in 1999, mounted a fierce lobbying campaign, and the House GOP leadership declawed the anti-OPEC bill. After that, J.C. Watts, fourth-ranking House

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Republican, urged the party faithful to hold rallies at gas stations and bash Clinton/Gore for not doing enough to lower oil prices, and former Virginia Governor George Allen, a Republican challenging Democratic Senator Chuck Robb, attacked Robb for having proposed a gasoline tax years before. Then, unfortunately for the GOP, Clinton succeeded in persuading OPEC to open up the spigots a bit more—a move that could cause a modest drop in prices.

But from Congress to the White House, there is more oil politics than policy. It's been easy for legislators to ignore the need for a comprehensive energy policy, as memories of the seventies oil crisis were washed away by the cheap gas of the late eighties and nineties. Don't worry. Drive an SUV. Detroit was allowed to market these gas-guzzlers in a way that skirted tight fuel-mileage standards. America went on a gasoline binge, and—guess what?—the market worked. Demand for oil went up; so did the price.

The United States does have experience combating high oil prices. In 1975 President Ford signed legislation that forced the automobile industry to manufacture more fuel-efficient cars. Gas consumption dropped, and prices fell. What has this Congress done? With House majority whip Tom DeLay at the wheel, the Republicans have blocked the Transportation Department from studying the prospect of beefing up mileage standards. And Clinton declined to veto the bill to which this anti–fuel efficiency rider was attached.

Enhancing fuel efficiency is a fairly cheap way out. According to a Union of Concerned Scientists study, the fuel efficiency of a Ford Explorer could be nearly doubled (from 19 to 34 mpg) by adding $935 worth of existing technology. But the Administration has been disinclined to push Detroit too hard. Under the Partnership for a New Generation of Vehicles, Clinton has given about $1.5 billion to the Big Three auto makers to encourage the production of highly efficient cars. In return the auto manufacturers have so far produced only four prototype vehicles that get up to 80 miles per gallon. But they run on a diesel hybrid, emit soot that may cause cancer and do not meet California's emissions standards. Moreover, Detroit has only minimal and distant plans to market these cars. "It's a scam," says Daniel Becker, director of the global warming and energy program for the Sierra Club, "a program the auto industry can hide behind." And so can Clinton and Gore.

To the extent that Republicans have an energy policy, it's more domestic drilling (particularly in environmentally sensitive spots like the Alaskan wilderness and the California coast, which can hardly produce enough gas to reduce the nation's reliance on OPEC), more nuclear energy (despite the forty-year problem of nuclear waste storage), more tax breaks for domestic oil producers and more whacks at OPEC.

Democrats don't have any extensive plan. Clinton merely scrambled to lobby OPEC. There's little discussion of our oil addiction—with 5 percent of the globe's population, America consumes about one-quarter of the world's oil—or of alternatives. Gore no longer publicly advocates, as he did in *Earth in the Balance*, a twenty-five-year global campaign to "completely" replace the internal-combustion engine. But even William Clay Ford Jr., chairman of Ford, concedes that hydrogen-based fuel cells should supplant gas-burning engines. We're far behind many European countries in the pursuit of wind power. On the solar front, Clinton has proposed only a few modest initiatives.

Conservative columnists George Will and Charles Krauthammer have branded Americans crybabies for griping about higher oil prices. Easy for them to say—it's unlikely they have a problem paying their heating bills. But it's true that well-off US consumers have been spoiled by cheap gas. (Try filling up in Europe.) Price, though, is not everything. As Republicans were blaming Clinton/Gore for higher gas prices, a new study confirmed that the temperature of the world's oceans has increased dramatically over the past forty years, one more sign of global warming. The pump price—whether it be $1.30 or $1.70 per gallon—does not include the true costs of oil: acid rain, oil spills and global warming.

As long as the United States remains so dependent on oil—foreign or domestic—it will be susceptible to occasional price shocks. (Is Big Oil better than the OPEC cartel?) What's unfortunate is that the current shock does not provoke alternative thinking. The root of the problem, after all, is found not in the overseas meeting rooms of OPEC but in our own driveways.

DAVID CORN

NYPD—Out of Control

It has been a long time since New York saw a funeral like the massive cortege that carried 26-year-old Patrick Dorismond through the streets of Brooklyn. Dorismond's shooting and Mayor Giuliani's insane attack on the dead man left even many staunch defenders of the Mayor looking embarrassed and his campaign strategists incredulous, while the Mayor's few black defenders, like the influential former Congressman the Rev. Floyd Flake, finally wrote him off. Giuliani and Police Commissioner Howard Safir have between them made police violence the defining ethnic and political issue in today's New York.

If Dorismond's killing exemplifies the city's law-enforcement and racial crisis, it also belongs in another, less widely discussed, context: the nationwide drug war. Dorismond stood on a Manhattan corner on March 16 engaged in the innocent—and for a black New Yorker often time-consuming—enterprise of hailing a cab. An undercover narcotics team, trawling for low-level arrests, randomly chose Dorismond and tried to entrap him into selling marijuana. He had none, didn't know they were police, was angered by the very suggestion and ended up dead. Here in a few tragic moments coalesced everything evil and corrupt about US drug policy: entrapment, meaningless low-level enforcement and arrest quotas, racial profiling and violence directed at suspects.

Just a few days after Dorismond's death, drug czar Gen. Barry McCaffrey delivered his annual drug-war report to Congress. As usual he claimed "substantial progress," but his report reveals that despite hundreds of millions of federal dollars expended on narcotics squads like the one that killed Dorismond, marijuana and heroin supplies are at an all-time high and prices at an all-time low.

To defend the indefensible, Giuliani fell back on playing to voters' presumed fears of a Hillary Clinton–Al Sharpton alliance. In fact, as in the Diallo case, Sharpton has handled the Dorismond

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crisis with dignity, forbearance and pleas for calm. Meanwhile, Clinton, who had managed just one shamefully vague comment on the Amadou Diallo verdict, this time saw her way clear to stand in a Harlem pulpit and condemn "the false choice between effective policing and mutual respect." For the moment, the Clinton Senate campaign's strategy is Let Rudy Be Rudy. Polls show New Yorkers three to one against his decision to release Dorismond's juvenile criminal record. Three out of four New Yorkers now believe police shootings are out of control, and Giuliani's statewide approval rating has fallen precipitately. Public Advocate and mayoral hopeful Mark Green wasted no time in obtaining a court order against Giuliani for releasing Dorismond's confidential juvenile rap sheet.

While Hillary Clinton edges toward a more articulate confrontation with Giuliani's policing philosophy, Dorismond's killing radically strengthens the case for federal involvement. The Diallo verdict showed that the narrow confines of criminal law are at best a limited forum for bringing accountability to the NYPD; like Diallo's killing, the Dorismond case is about standard operating procedure, not aberrant sadism. It is time for the Feds to swoop in with a Justice Department civil rights investigation aimed not just at Dorismond's death but the full range of NYPD policies and practices, its worst excesses falling so systematically on New Yorkers with dark skin. There is a precedent for such a broad inquiry: After the police killing of black motorist Jonny Gammage in a white suburb of Pittsburgh in 1995, a Justice Department civil rights suit led to a consent decree and reform of that troubled department.

Hillary Clinton's campaign may make some in the Justice Department leery of entering New York's policing crisis, with Giuliani certain to cry political motivation. But this is no time for Justice to be intimidated: It is clear that only a federal court order is likely to reform the NYPD while Giuliani is Mayor. In the meantime, Giuliani himself has done what Al Sharpton and the New York Civil Liberties Union could not—made undeniable the vindictive and violent spirit possessing the NYPD, a spirit emanating directly from the city's commander in chief. BRUCE SHAPIRO

CALVIN TRILLIN

JOHN MCCAIN IS WELCOMED BACK TO THE SENATE

Well, John, it's nice to have you back again.
Your colleagues all paid close attention when
You cast all those aspersions on this house.
It's nice to have you back again (you louse).

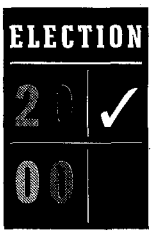
Well, John, it's nice that you have now returned
From leading your crusade—from which we've learned
Contributors are those to whom we cater.
It's nice to have you back again (you traitor).

Well, John, we're truly glad to see your face.
A pity that you didn't win your race,
But purity is better, so they say.
So welcome back. We must have lunch someday.

The McCain Vote

Now that the dust has settled, several things are clear about Arizona Senator John McCain's meteoric presidential campaign. For one thing, McCain clearly energized many voters, leading to increased turnouts in quite a few primary states. He also shook up assumptions about what voters want.

His own advisers initially tried to steer him away from his signature issue, campaign finance reform, since the conventional wisdom among the well-fed consultants who run campaigns is that voters don't care about it. But by the time the Straight Talk Express ran out of gas on March 7, exit polls in nearly all the Republican primaries showed that more voters ranked campaign reform as the single most important issue than chose abortion or education; in several states this reform bloc—which always voted overwhelmingly for McCain—was also larger than the group citing world affairs or Social Security as its top concern. Is it any wonder that George W. Bush and Al Gore (whose new proposal for a "Democracy Endowment" to finance campaigns sounds great but is seriously flawed because it doesn't cover primaries) are now battling for the reformer mantle?



McCain talks about "these millions of people out there, a lot of them people who had never voted before" who rallied to his cause. Is there anything to his claim? Not much. Start with his huge 51-to-32 percent victory over Bush in New Hampshire. About 239,000 people voted in the Republican primary there, compared with 210,000 in 1996, an increase of 14 percent. This may seem like a lot, but in fact there was a bigger increase—18 percent—in Republican turnout in 1996, when Pat Buchanan trounced Bob Dole and Lamar Alexander. According to the New Hampshire Secretary of State's office, 38,642 people took advantage of the state's same-day-registration law this past February, increasing the overall voter rolls by 5.2 percent. Even if all those people were motivated by McCain's campaigning across the state, this isn't that big a jump in new voters over the 4 percent increase in 1996, when 26,655 registered on Election Day (and that was with a noncompetitive Democratic primary).

Twenty percent of the people voting on March 7 said it was the first time they'd voted in a Republican primary, and McCain got 55 percent of those voters. Extrapolating from this, the ABC News polling unit projected that before dropping out, McCain drew about 1.4 million new voters—while probably helping stimulate another 1.1 million to come out to vote for Bush or the others. But were those people really new voters? I suspect that many

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were regular voters who are independents or Democrats.

This is because there's little hard evidence that McCain reached very far into the deep well of public disaffection of most Americans. Large majorities believe, with plenty of good reason, that "the government is pretty much run by a few big interests" and "people like me don't have any say about what the government does," according to the authoritative biennial surveys conducted by the University of Michigan's National Election Studies. These people are more likely to be black than white, poor rather than well-off, of limited education rather than holding a college degree, blue collar rather than white collar. These socioeconomic cleavages also predict who is likely to vote and who is not.

An insurgency that really mobilized discouraged voters would show particular strength among these groups. McCain's did not. Only in Michigan, where he was boosted by a very large number of crossover Democrats, did McCain do well among the less well-off and less educated. In general, a profile of his voters would look like an inverted pyramid: heavier support from people higher up the status ladder.

Why the hole in McCain's base? The answer, it seems, is that his brand of patriotic populism lacked a real economic edge. Apart from some attacks on Bush's tax cut for favoring the rich, there was little in McCain's message that was aimed at the needs of working-class Americans. His was more an insurgency of regular voters, compared with the new voters who propelled Jesse Ventura to his 1998 win in Minnesota. If anything, the exit polls from 1996 show a larger proportion of younger, poorer and less educated voters in the Republican electorate than in 2000—the effect, perhaps, of Buchanan's volatile mix of xenophobia, right-wing Catholicism, corporation-bashing and talk of a living wage.

Although the media have somewhat overplayed the depth of McCain's appeal, they have not missed the other lesson of his brief surge: Party labels mean less than ever before. While registration rules and other procedures for apportioning delegates keep most voter sentiment safely contained within major-party channels, given any highly visible challenge to those constraints many voters will leap at the chance to show their dissatisfaction. Thus the residual support among a quarter of the public for McCain as a third-party candidate and the exit polls showing at least a fifth of the people who participated in the primaries unhappy with the inevitability of a Gush-Bore November contest. With the new communications power of the Internet making it possible for like-minded people to find one another and organize as never before, and the news media's never-ending hunger for a fresh angle on an old story, we may yet see more explosions before this election is through.

MICAH L. SIFRY

Micah L. Sifry is writing a book on the prospects of third-party politics.

In Fact...

HIGH-POWER LOBBYING

Andrew Schwartzman writes: Recently FCC chairman William Kennard pressed for creation of a new, community-based, low-power radio initiative as a refreshingly positive counterbalance to media consolidation [see Danny Schechter, "Fresh Airwaves," Feb. 14]. Predictably, the National Association of Broadcasters swiftly pushed for legislation to annul the FCC's January 18 decision authorizing rules for licensing new low-power radio stations. The bill has received political cover from an unlikely ally: National Public Radio. Improved technology makes it possible to squeeze many small, new stations into frequency allotments between existing stations with little if any detectable interference. Equipment costs have plummeted, so off-the-shelf parts can be used to construct stations for a few thousand dollars. Schools, libraries and community groups argue that this is a way of addressing "digital divide" issues by assisting community development and education efforts while training young people in the use of new technologies. If Congress persists in pandering to broadcasters, Al Gore, who supports low-power radio, should call on the President to veto the NAB's bill.

GORE'S POLITICAL PENANCE

Donna Parsons, national field director for Public Campaign, calls Al Gore's proposal that Congressional candidates receive campaign dollars from a trust fund a "bold step toward real campaign finance reform" in the spirit of the Clean Money campaigns in states like Maine, which offer public money to pols who eschew private funding. But—and a big one—Parsons is critical of Gore's failure to include primary campaign financing, meaning that "the candidate who raises the biggest pot of money the fastest becomes the viable candidate," knocking out the others and putting him- or herself in early thrall to the special interests.

TRIANGLE, REVISITED

A plaque on New York University's Brown Building in Greenwich Village commemorates the March 25, 1911, Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire, which claimed the lives of 146 workers. Now, writes Jo-Ann Mort, communications director at UNITE, the union representing today's garment workers, NYU students have joined protests against the university's involvement in one of the most egregious forms of the modern-day sweatshop, the nonunion building site. NYU, with a long tradition of employing union building-trades workers, has signed a ten-year lease with an anti-union contractor, Forkosh Construction, for a new high-rise dormitory on 14th Street at Third Avenue. The site has already been shut down by the Department of Buildings several times for building-code and other violations. There's an ugly irony to the notion of workers and students coming together over the building of a dormitory that could endanger the lives of those who build it and those who will live in it—at an institution that proudly displays a Triangle plaque on its administration building. The United Students Against Sweatshops on more than 160 college campuses are demanding that university-logo apparel be made sweat-free; it is a fitting memorial to the Triangle workers that students, seamstresses and hardhats are standing arm in arm.

NEWS OF THE WEAK IN REVIEW

Marvin Olasky, George W. Bush adviser and the brains behind "compassionate conservatism," in an interview with the antifeminist *Journal for Biblical Manhood and Womanhood*: "God does not forbid women to be leaders in society...but when that occurs it's usually because of the abdication of men.... there's a certain shame attached to it. I would vote for a woman for the presidency, in some situations, but again, there's a certain shame attached. Why don't you have a man who's able to step forward?... It's harder when there are women who are CEOs of companies and so forth. Still, it comes down to the question of 'Do we trust God and do we believe that he has wisdom that we don't have?'"

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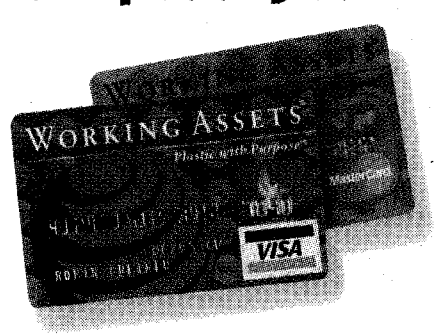

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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Kosovo on Hold

MINORITY REPORT

Pristina/Gracanica, Kosovo

Clouds of blackbirds still do go wheeling and shrieking above Kosovo Polje, the bleak and windy site of the great Turkish victory over Serbia (and Albania) in 1389. The Field of Blackbirds itself is now surmounted by an ugly if imposing monument, on which is inscribed: "Those who have a Serb heart and do not come to fight for Kosovo will have neither male nor female children, crops or wine. They will be damned until they die."

Despite or perhaps because of its tribalism and bluster, this is a strangely unimpressive incantation: Millions of Serbs have had offspring—even female—and harvested the crops and the vintages without obeying the injunction. And the damned ones are those who fled Kosovo in abject terror and defeat, rather than face the consequences of what their death squads had done here. They saved neither honor nor territory. Today, the place where Slobodan Milosevic launched his terrible career with a demagogic speech to the Kosovo Serb chauvinists on the 600th anniversary of the battle in 1989 is guarded by soldiers of the UN. A few furlongs down the road, a jerry-built housing project, constructed for Serb settlers from the Krajina in an effort to shift the demographic balance a bit, is now occupied by Kosovar Albanian refugees.

A certain kind of Western intellectual, before the war in Kosovo, was addicted to saying that the province was Serbia's Holy Land or Jerusalem: a place of sacrifice and redemption and consecrated sites. Actually, what Kosovo was for many years was Serbia's West Bank or Gaza; a territory where the indigenous majority could be treated like dirt in the name of spurious ancient mythologies.

The Serbian Orthodox Church has had a lot to answer for here in helping to identify race and nation with faith and in promulgating an essentially fascistic view of the national question. However, the little town of Gracanica, just ten miles outside the capital of Pristina in the opposite direction from the Field of Blackbirds, affords a nice contrast. In this enclave of Serb inhabitants, and operating from the base of an exquisite little monastery dating back even earlier in the same fourteenth century, may be found Archbishop Artemije Radosavljevik and his secretary, Father Sava Janjic.

"Father Sava," as he is known, runs an extensive Kosovo-Serb website and describes Milosevic as "the cancer of Europe." He helped protect Albanians during the pogrom of last year, and has publicly accepted Serbian responsibility for the attempted erasure of the Albanian presence—Christian, Muslim and secular—in the province. Currently, he is battling to avert reprisals against the remaining Serb population. For this reason, he and his bishop logically and morally oppose the ongoing expulsion of Albanians from the Milosevic-dominated enclave in Mitrovica. As my comrade Stephen Schwartz so dialectically put it, the Serb extremists want to keep Kosovo part of Serbia; Father Sava wants to keep Serbs part of Kosovo.

This distinction is narrow but very deep. And it is not, by the NATO powers, well understood. Fourteen NATO armies and several UN contingents occupy Kosovo soil, as brazen an interference in anyone's "internal affairs" as could be found. Yet they do so under a mandate that proclaims the "territorial integrity" of federal Yugoslavia. When Bernard Kouchner, the French human rights activist and UN proconsul, speaks of political arrangements for the territory he is allowed to go no further than bromides about "autonomy." When elections are mentioned, as they are in a somewhat embarrassed tone, they are understood to be merely "local" and "municipal." (Incidentally, all tests of Kosovar opinion show that if real national elections were held they would be easily won by Ibrahim Rugova, the former leader of the civic and nonviolent resistance, and badly lost by the KLA.)

The absence of principle and direction is palpable and visible. All those army engineers and all that hardware, and almost a year later the power is out in the capital city as often as not. The roads are still pitted and scarred, the landscape is strewn with debris, the salaries of the international and humanitarian community seem to be paid ad hoc. The telephones don't work, even though Kosovo may become the first place in the world to have an all-cellphone network by the end of this year. This high-tech improvisation only emphasizes the other failures. However, Pristina does have a thriving subculture of bars, cafes, restaurants and clubs, and in one of these I met a senior European on Kouchner's staff. He carefully listed and answered my criticisms: The NATO countries had promised too much too soon; there was a crisis of high expectations among the Kosovars after what they had been through; the Serbian occupiers had sabotaged a good deal before running away; some important jobs had been given to incompetent KLA sympathizers in the first chaos of victory. But then, having performed his bureaucratic duty as an international civil servant, he said: "You live in Washington. Why not ask what half a day of bombing cost, compared to what we need here?"

I didn't quite know how to tell him that this irony—if it is an irony—is subject to diminishing returns. The American right was generally against the rescue of Kosovo in any case, while much of the left—including myself for a time—consoled and continues to console itself with the half-truth that intervention only made matters worse. In fact, the Kosovo war marked the first and only time in the twentieth century that ethno-fascism was stopped, and reversed, while it was still in progress.

The Albanian people, who were forcibly segregated from contact with the world for longer than any European population, are yearning to make up for the lost time. They seem to have picked the wrong election cycle in which to present their inconvenient selves, but all talk of our own "multicultural" values is vacuous while our regime splits the difference between Milosevic and Father Sava, or between Serbs in Kosovo and Kosovo in Serbia. ■

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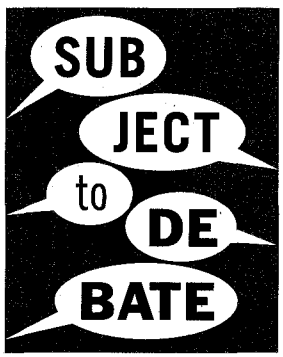
KATHA POLLITT

Progressive Presidential Politics (Continued)



Remember Barry Commoner's presidential campaign in 1980 on the Citizens' Party ticket? I thought not. There's a long tradition of high-minded progressives making principled but hopeless runs for the White House. Sometimes they aim for the Democratic Party nomination (Jesse Jackson, Jerry Brown, the pseudoprogressive Bill Bradley); sometimes they go the third-party route (John Anderson, Dr. Spock, Commoner, Ralph Nader). Either way, progressives nationwide gallantly rally round; if they have doubts about the man, or the program (remember Jackson and Hymietown? Brown and the flat tax? Bradley and the *contras*?), they suppress them, along with whatever intimations of futility they may feel about the whole project. For months, or even, in the case of Jackson, years, activists work their tails off. The primary or the election comes along, rank and filers troop to the polling booths and vote their conscience—and that's it for another four years.

Left-liberals may think they are building a movement by focusing on the highly visible presidential election. But are they? In the Democratic Party, the progressive who had the closest thing to a real organization and a popular constituency was Jesse Jackson. But where is the Rainbow Coalition now? As critics charged and supporters hotly denied, it turned out to be all about Jesse Jackson himself and faded away when his candidacy did; today Jackson is a devoted Clintonite whose main preoccupation is getting Wall Street firms to hire more black stockbrokers. And what about the third parties? The most successful third-party candidate in living memory, Ross Perot, is a conservative lunatic; he got twenty-eight times as many votes in 1992 as Ralph Nader got in 1996. Despite the generally right-wing orientation and white-suburbanite membership of Perot's Reform Party, many progressives saw great potential in it and in its one success, Minnesota Governor Jesse Ventura. Today the Reform Party is a national joke, and Jesse Ventura, despite his macho swagger and gift for colorful soundbites, is becoming a mainstream politician faster than you can say bodyslam: As I write, he just came out in favor of permanent most-favored-nation status and WTO membership for China, which must sorely disappoint those who saw him as a standard-bearer for the "anticorporate populism" that is supposed to replace the supposedly outmoded left.

My column about Ralph Nader evoked a mini-cascade of furious mail. But if something hasn't worked the last ten times you tried it—the last third-party presidential candidate from the left to get enough votes to actually make a dent in national politics was Bob La Follette in 1924, with 16 percent—doesn't it make sense to wonder whether going back to the drawing board with the same box of chalk is really such a good idea? Maybe there are reasons why challengers from the left—even a widely admired, universally recognized figure like Nader—don't get very far as presidential candidates and don't leave much behind, and it would be useful to think about them.

Personality is part of the story—of the candidates I've mentioned, only Jesse Jackson was a natural politician who enjoyed connecting with voters. If a run is purely symbolic, like Dr. Spock's, it may not matter that the candidate always looks like he wishes he were somewhere else. But to come from the outside and get anywhere in politics today, you have to be a vivid extrovert or, as the Last Marxist puts it, "a full-of-life psychopath"—someone like Bill Clinton or Jesse Ventura or John McCain. The left doesn't produce many people like that, because that kind of person wants to be on the winning side, where the action and the money and the girls are.

More important than the candidate's personality, though, is the nature of electoral politics itself. Robert Kuttner recently quoted Tammany leader George Washington Plunkitt, who observed way back in 1905 that "politics is as much a regular business as the grocery or the dry-goods or the drug business." It's about arranging national affairs to suit the (sometimes) competing agendas of organized interests: corporations, banks, Wall Street, small business, unions, homeowners and so on, all the way down the list—way down—to the Christian Coalition, the National Organization for Women and the Audubon Society. At the local level, third parties can sometimes take on this job, usually by performing a complicated dance with one of the two major parties; that's what the Liberal, Conservative and Right to Life parties do in New York State, where fusion tickets are permitted, and what the Working Families Party hopes to do. But at the national level, third parties have no chips to get into the game: That's why the AFL-CIO is not keen on the Labor Party, and why Bernie Sanders, nominally a socialist, votes like a Clinton Democrat. And that's also why ordinary citizens do not flock to third-party standards, although they may throw caution to the winds and vote—once—for a man-of-the-minute like Perot.

Intuitively, people understand what electoral politics is really about, what it can and can't do, so when the two-party system offers them nothing, they just stop voting. The people who remain at the polls are the ones for whom the system works at least some of the time. It's all very well to say that the two parties are Tweedledum and Tweedledee: Both serve corporate interests, favor free trade and so on. But if you're a public school teacher, the anti–school voucher Democratic Party really will protect your job better than the Republican Party; if you're a white small-businessman, the tax-cutting anti–affirmative action Republicans really will do more for your bottom line than the Democrats. The differences between the parties may be small, but they're quite concrete. There are reasons why most black voters are Democrats.

To detach voters from the current setup would take a lot more than a candidate, however charismatic. It would take a huge political movement that could credibly promise voters that it would fulfill the needs currently supplied, however imperfectly, by the existing parties. Focusing on the White House has never created such a movement before: Has anything changed that would enable it to do so now? ■

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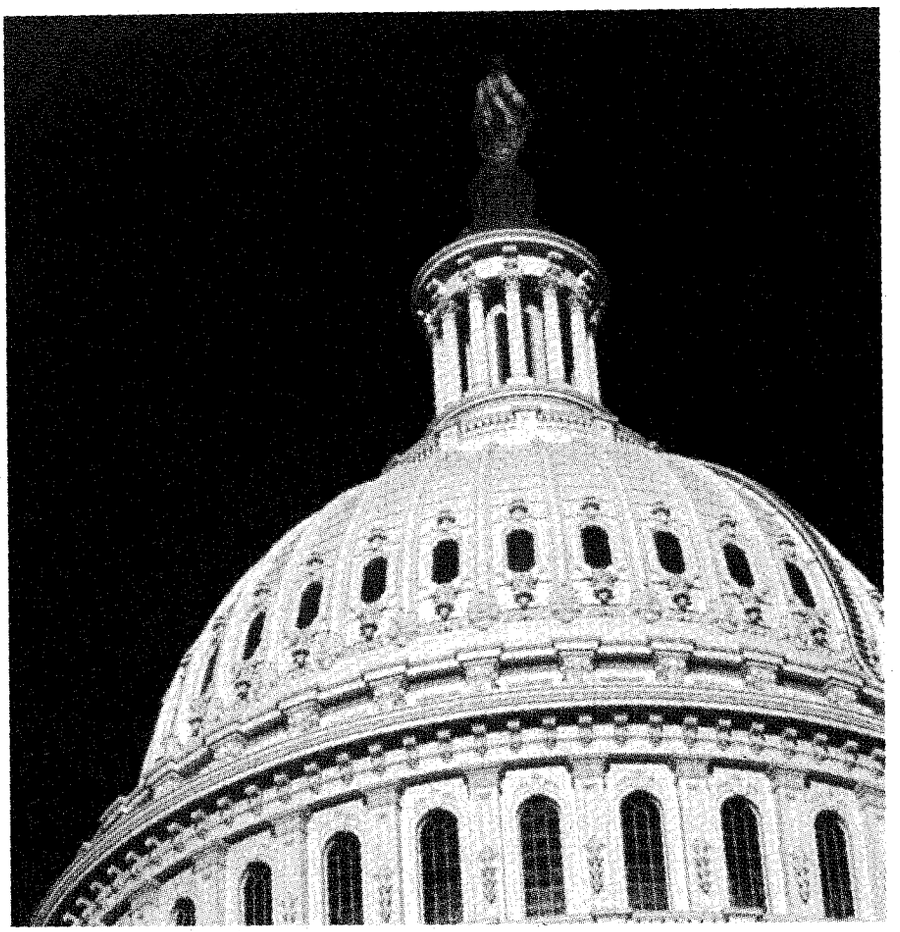

Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On

A Political Realignment Is On the Way

by WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

The front-loaded primary regime produced its expected result by the first week in March: George W. Bush and Al Gore wrapped up the Republican and Democratic presidential nominations. But they did so under circumstances no one had anticipated. The insurgent candidacy of Republican Senator John McCain, who appears to have won more than 5 million votes, eliminated any possibility of a coronation for either front-runner. It also left a notably disturbed political atmosphere in its wake.

There are lessons to be learned from this unexpected turbulence. The context of politics in 2000 should have produced clear sailing for the establishments of both parties; the country is at peace and the sole superpower in a post-Soviet world, while the recent growth in the US economy comes close to breaking all-time records. The reason it did not do so seems to me to lie in the hollowing out of the political system's legitimacy among the American people at large. In this year's primary season the establishments got their way in the end, as they usually do. But there is surging discontent just below the surface. There is a widespread demand for something else, a pervasive if still diffuse demand for major reforms that the existing order cannot and will not deliver. The unsettling extent of this demand is the more striking since Peace and Prosperity have been so barely able to contain it.

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One might be led to think that a political realignment in the country is imminent. In the short term, however, this is unlikely. The cycle of upheaval at rare but recurrent intervals, followed by a relatively stable politics as usual, exists for several reasons. One of them is the constitutional order itself, which places huge barriers to comprehensive policy change in "normal" political time. Another is the normal centrism of the US electorate. On the ideological plane, government is perceived in conservative terms, but operationally, there is a liberal mode that favors continuation of domestic programs that only Big Government can provide. And there is no sign that the public at large has any interest in having this contradiction resolved. Both the fate of the Clinton healthcare program in 1994 and the fallout from the government shutdown by Republican "revolutionaries" in late 1995 are reflections of this fact of American political life.

Moreover, since the late sixties, elections have been candidate-dominated affairs, with parties playing far less of a role than they have in living memory. This has led to a situation in which, of the thirty-two years since 1968, divided government has prevailed in all but six of them. That's quite possible again in 2000. House elections in the aggregate are close these days, but with not more than 10 percent of the seats competitive, control of the House could go either way regardless of whether Gore or Bush wins the presidency. In the Senate, the combination of cash, media access and incumbency should keep the upper chamber in Republican hands.

History tells us that economics often plays a major role in realignments. The one that produced the New Deal lasted until the sixties.

History tells us that economic concerns often play a major role in realignments, when they do occur. The long New Deal era arose out of the bankruptcy of an earlier business hegemony over national political and economic life. That realignment shifted the presidential wing of the Republican Party toward the New Deal, at least in principle, for a third of a century, until the right captured it with Barry Goldwater in 1964. At the same time, the cold war was under way. So long as the Soviet Union continued to exist, bipolar superpower antagonism worked to sustain the size and scope of federal government power, and of presidential power, far beyond historically traditional levels and well after the Depression was a fading memory. In the intense crisis of the late sixties, cold war liberalism was shredded, along with traditionally accepted political inequalities and structures of (white male) elite power pretty much across the board. The civil rights revolution, the organized feminist and gay movements, and many other less visible demanded more or less fundamental change in how civil society was put together and, thus, how social and political power was to be allocated.

With Vietnam as an accelerator, but by no means the only one, Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall, shattered into a thousand fragments, and has never been put back together again. American politics was increasingly defined in racial and group victimization terms: Enter socioreligious issues as decisively important determinants of electoral politics.

Walter Dean Burnham, professor of government at the University of Texas, specializes in the study of American politics in general and critical realignments in particular.

These developments were less of a problem for the Republicans than for the Democrats. With all their internal tensions, Republicans have long been sociologically more homogeneous than their opponents. This homogeneity has been further reinforced with the gradual, and in the nineties much accelerated, realignment of Southern whites toward the GOP. But at the same time, the nonpresidential realignment of 1994 and after was more broadly felt in the mountain West (where Democratic officeholders are in danger of becoming an extinct species) and the Midwest. Of all major groups abruptly shifting to the GOP in 1994, young and middle-aged white males (30–44) led the parade. If we consider that Southern whites have a higher level of religious intensity than people in other parts of the country, that youngish white males may feel threatened by affirmative action programs, that they may also be threatened by pressures from their female counterparts to break the glass ceiling and that they hold liberals in the federal government responsible for promoting these threats to their socioeconomic opportunities and cultural values, it is not difficult to see why the Republican Party would become their party of choice.

Ever since the Civil War the Democrats have, to a much greater extent than Republicans, been a collection of peripheral out-groups. The identity of these groups has changed over time, naturally; but the party's cohesion problems have remained a leitmotif of its existence. Many in the twenties, viewing the overall scene of the time (including the disastrous Democratic convention of 1924), could see scant prospect for such a collection of oppositions ever to take power in any foreseeable future. The Depression and subsequent mass rallying of the poorer half of the population around FDR's banner welded these groups together and added reinforcements to them, as organized labor became for the first time a significant force in US politics. But the party's underlying cohesion problems notoriously remained, as attested by the success of the conservative coalition in Congress between 1939 and 1964 in blocking further policy advances. The disintegrations of the late-sixties crisis and after have again brought this problem center stage.

The eclipse of the old party system, with its capacities for retail politics—actually contacting voters personally rather than through TV spots—has also been associated with turnout decline. While this decline from the sixties to the nineties has occurred across all economic/occupational strata, it is heavily concentrated toward the bottom. In general, for every percentage point of decline that occurs in the highest occupational strata (professionals, managers, etc.), the decline in the manual-labor and service categories is more than 3.5 points. We have heard much about "Reagan Democrats" in the lower reaches of the socioeconomic structure, but far less about the heavy dropout concentrated in the same general quarters. But this skew is linked to and reinforces the Democratic Party's tendency to "go hunting where the ducks are" and to concentrate on wooing and winning parts of the "real" middle class. The end product of this has thus far

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been the Clinton Administration, which is what would historically be called liberal Republican.

We may put all the above in more concise terms. The modern Republican Party is in comparative terms a true conservative party, divided as it is between those who care more about economics and those with traditional conservative social values to defend. It is an antistate party. The Democrats, on the other hand, have had to do the work elsewhere performed by parties of the left and left-center, there being no such thing as a clearly organized left in American politics. They are cast in the role of a pro-state (or at least pro-government-programs) party. But they are also a pro-out-group-claimant party, and, as they have so often found, this leaves them vulnerable to Republican attack in the name of the "silent majority," as Nixon used to call it. The Clinton-era response to this vulnerability has been effective in presidential elections (though not, starting in 1994, in Congressional or most state elections)—but only because of the storm and stress that afflicted incumbent George Bush in 1992. And it is noteworthy that with all the "triangulation" toward the center, Clinton was unable even in 1996 to win a majority of the total votes cast. Political America today remains to a striking degree the one that Ronald Reagan helped so much to create.

But today is not always. While critical realignment will not be part of this year's picture, since such massive upheavals in the political order require major stimuli that break up an existing order and produce political upheaval, things have a habit of changing quite radically in short periods of time.

The currently blocked system seems to be on, or approaching, its last legs. Its equilibrium becomes more unstable—hence, vulnerable to sudden and explosive overthrow—with every election. We have abundant evidence, at least ever since a 1991 Kettering Foundation focus-group survey, that very large parts of the electorate believe their votes to be meaningless. From Ross Perot's huge showing in 1992 to the Republican "earthquake" of 1994, and on to the persistent increase in the number and proportion of American adults who have opted out of the electoral market altogether, the public has been sending clear signals to that effect. A very important feature of American politics that goes back a long way is that Americans deeply resent any development that they see as voiding the meaning of their participation in elections. Repeatedly, this resentment has suddenly flared up to a blinding intensity. And it is probably the most significant single theme that unites the political riptides that have marked our politics over the past decade. The primary campaigns of 2000 reveal that it is alive and well.

What might it take to produce a progressive realignment? Thoughts turn to the economy. Unless we assume that we have at last repealed the laws of economic gravity, the stock market will at some point fall. In varying ways, depending on their position in the class structure, a lot of people will then be a lot poorer than they are now. Imagine further that when this happens, Republicans are in charge. Unlike under the normal pattern of divided government, given the right conditions of high political temperature and pressure, Democrats might then sweep to power and fashion a new (or recalibrated) political order. This would lead to a positive and proactive role for the

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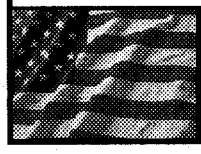
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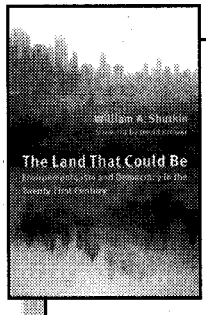

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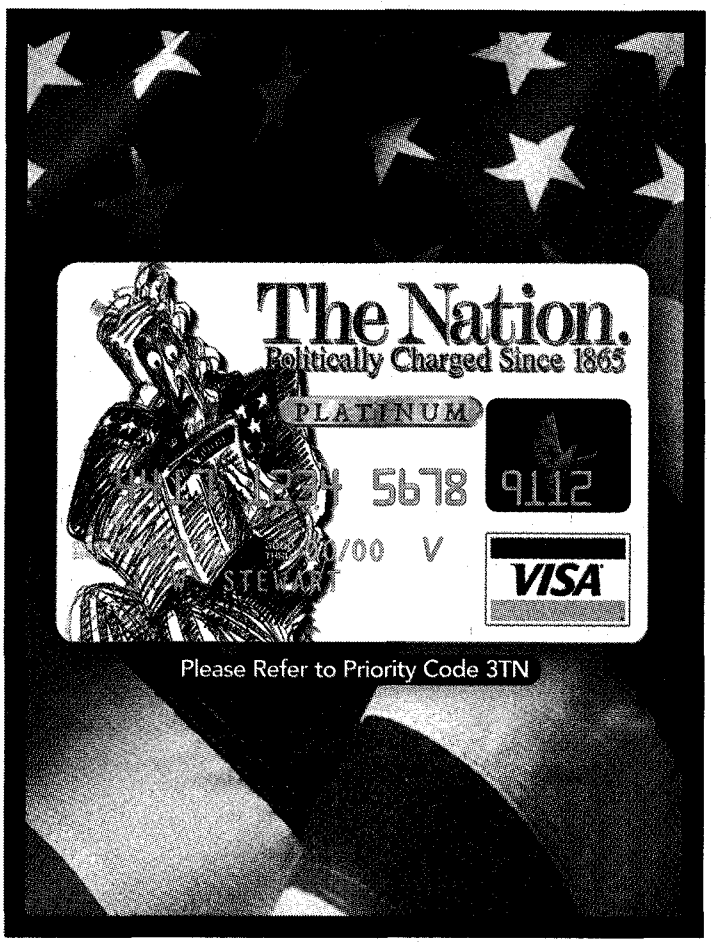

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federal government in managing the political economy's collective affairs.

Does all this suggest that 2000 will not be an "important" election? By no means. It always matters who wins a presidential election, and 2000 is no exception.

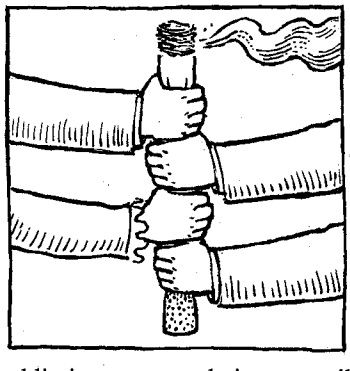
But look for a combination of political decisions and economic and/or threatening global stress to trigger a genuine political explosion relatively soon—perhaps toward the end of this new decade, perhaps a bit sooner or later. Meanwhile, *status* is *quo*. ■

WHEN IT COMES TO TOBACCO LEGISLATION, WHO WINS IN NOVEMBER MAY MATTER A LOT.

It's the Nicotine, Stupid

MICHAEL PERTSCHUK

On March 21 the Supreme Court held unanimously that tobacco use is "perhaps the single most significant threat to public health in the United States." Unfortunately, five of the Justices also found that Congress had deliberately withheld from the Food and Drug Administration the power to regulate tobacco products. The four-member minority argued that Congress's intent was far from clear, and that it would defy reason for the Court to rule that the FDA had plenary authority to police the safety of all drugs but the single most lethal and addictive one. Neither majority nor minority expressed any doubt that Congress had the power and the responsibility to act. And so it must.


LARS LEETARU

What happens now? This year, only talk, tobacco smoke and mirrors if Senate majority leader Trent Lott and other Republican leaders indentured to big-tobacco campaign cash get their way. Lott has already proclaimed that he opposes legislation giving the FDA jurisdiction, saying, "I don't think they're doing a very good job of what they are supposed to be doing now." But based on the two major presidential candidates' instant responses to the Supreme Court's decision, we can discern the outlines of two sharply divergent scenarios next year.

Gore reflected the strong consensus of public-health advocates that Congress must grant the FDA full power to regulate nicotine as an addictive drug. Bush, guided by his closest adviser, Karl Rove, a former media strategist for Philip Morris, spoke for that company. Bush's statement said he "believes Congress should pass tough laws to keep tobacco out of the hands of kids." Nothing about regulating nicotine or the carcinogens in tobacco products. Similarly, Steven Parrish, senior vice president of Philip Morris, magnanimously urged Congress "to come up with a tough, sensible, common-sense approach to the regulation of cigarettes." Parrish has made clear, however, that to Philip Morris a "common-sense approach" does not include FDA regulation of nicotine, only of advertising and marketing practices.

What could FDA regulation of nicotine mean? Here's one possibility: The agency could conduct an honest scientific assessment of the best way to reduce the number of people who die from tobacco use and require tobacco companies to do what other industries are already required to do—make their products as safe as technologically possible. Perhaps the science will demonstrate that the best approach is to promote a technological race to remove carcinogens and other toxic fumes from tobacco products. Or perhaps the evidence will prove that it is possible to wean smokers from nicotine, without creating a black market, by gradually reducing nicotine levels. Within ten years tobacco cigarettes might be virtually nicotine-free. Kids who take up smoking to ape their peers will soon tire of it and, unaddicted, easily quit. Those smokers who smoke, as the tobacco marketers insist, "for the taste of fine tobacco," not a nicotine fix, would continue to smoke but would live longer. Others would have a choice of FDA-regulated nicotine-delivery devices—patches and inhalers—that could be designed and marketed by the tobacco companies, which are already in fierce competition with the drug companies to develop better nicotine mousetraps. In time, addicted smokers, hooked on highly toxic cigarettes, would become a doubly endangered species. And in the United States, at least, Big Tobacco would shrink in size, profitability and political power.

Philip Morris's and R.J. Reynolds's public-relations machinery has been cranking up for the past year to spin the cigarette companies as reformed sinners, worthy and responsible negotiation partners for the Administration and Congress in reaching a consensus on "common sense" regulation. Lest anyone be lulled by Philip Morris's message of repentance, note that its new PR campaign to curtail youth smoking retains the core message most seductive to kids: "Tobacco is an adult habit." Not "Tobacco is a lethal addiction." One hundred million dollars in PR propaganda is already at work recasting PM as Mr. Rogers, not the Pied Piper.

Anyone who doubts Philip Morris's unreconstructed determination to forestall effective efforts to reduce youth smoking need only pay heed to its response to the aggressive, health-oriented, industry-pricking ads developed for the new American Legacy Foundation (the ads were funded by the 1998 settlement of the state attorney-general cases). Philip Morris implicitly threatened legal action against the shaky new foundation and to withhold payment to the foundation owed under the settlement. Faced with those threats, Legacy buried the ads.

Philip Morris has a dream: Bush as President; Karl Rove, his Chief of Staff. It's February 1, 2001, and the President emerges to

Michael Pertschuk is finishing a book about lessons in public-health leadership drawn from the tobacco wars of the nineties.

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meet the press, linking arms with Trent Lott, the House Republican leadership and the humble, rehabilitated CEOs of Philip Morris, R.J. Reynolds and Brown & Williamson to announce a "historic agreement." Following the enlightened leadership of Philip Morris, the companies have agreed to accept FDA regulation of cigarette marketing to children. There is no mention of nicotine regulation and little emphasis on the fine print of the agreement, which, by the by, will shield the companies from the looming shadow of civil litigation and huge punitive-damage awards by enraged juries, such as the successful Florida class-action cases by tobacco's victims, now only awaiting the aroused jury's award of an appropriate sum for punitive damages, which might well reach into the tens of billions of dollars.

Philip Morris also has a nightmare. Gore is President. He has discarded *his* tainted campaign adviser Carter Eskew, who masterminded the tobacco companies' $40 million PR campaign to sink the strong legislation on tobacco developed by Senate commerce chairman John McCain in 1998. It's February 1, 2001, and President Gore emerges onto the White House portico flanked by chairman McCain, Senate health leader Ted Kennedy and—with the House back in Democratic hands—restored Democratic House Commerce Committee chairman John Dingell and health subcommittee leader Henry Waxman, to announce a bipartisan agreement to enact the FDA provisions of McCain's 1998 bill.

McCain remembers acutely the attack ads aimed at him by the industry-funded National Smokers Alliance in the South Carolina and Virginia primaries, which might have delivered the finishing blows to his presidential campaign. So it is not surprising that in addition to its grant to the FDA of full and unfettered power to police tobacco, the bill will contain nothing that would lift the threat of litigation against the industry.

The Democratic members of Congress have long memories too. After being elected despite Big Tobacco's massive campaign contributions to their Republican opponents, they would find tough tobacco regulation sweet revenge. On the other side of the aisle, Congressional Republicans, having watched a chilling number of their colleagues go down to defeat by Democratic challengers who successfully labeled them "Tools of the Death Merchants: Guns and Tobacco," would be gun-shy, as it were, about defending their quondam benefactors.

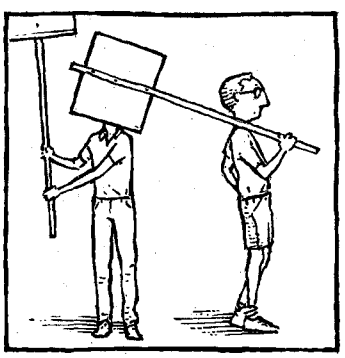
At least when it comes to the welfare of Philip Morris versus that of millions of kids now at risk of taking up tobacco and getting hooked for life—a shortened life—the choice of Bush or Gore in November may not just be Tweedledum or Tweedledee. ■

THE GAY MOVEMENT'S LONG-SIMMERING TENSIONS ERUPT IN A HIGH-STAKES MUD FIGHT.

Whose Millennium March?

JOSHUA GAMSON

Scheduled for April 30, the Millennium March on Washington for Equality—the fourth national lesbian and gay rally on the Mall—may sound like your standard, good old-fashioned mass march on Washington. But in many respects it's the first of its kind. It's the first gay and lesbian march dot com, organized more through websites and advertising than grassroots mobilization. It's the first called by a handful of people from two national organizations, who then invited everyone else to come along. It's also the first in which bisexual and transgender people have been included as a matter of course, the first in which around half of those running things are people of color and also the first that many people-of-color, bisexual and transgender groups have consistently and angrily refused to endorse. In fact, by far the strangest and most revealing first of this march is the high level of opposition it has generated, not from right-wing homophobes and God-hates-fags groups but from gay and lesbian activists themselves. It is indeed an odd turn of events when bands of lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender activists are working as hard as they can to convince other lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender people not to attend a national lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender march on Washington.



LARS LEETARU

The Millennium March is the kind of diagnostic event that X-rays a movement at a particular historical moment, and what it shows isn't all that pretty. It's a picture of a deeply divided movement burdened by its own growth, tripping on the very changes it has built, its resources increasingly consolidated in a few organizational hands. Partly, the march shows off the tremendous growth over the nineties of one organization, the Human Rights Campaign, whose "organizational culture," as University of Illinois, Chicago, historian John D'Emilio puts it, "has always been a culture of arrogance." The Millennium March has come to symbolize, for its opponents, a movement increasingly run by what is essentially a national, corporate, business-as-usual political lobby, which collects funds while local and state groups struggle against attack. As HRC executive director Elizabeth Birch herself notes, "For a lot of people who dreamed of a different kind of world, the very notion that the Human Rights Campaign was involved in calling for this march was an anathema."

But this bitter fight isn't just about the HRC. The march and its attendant controversy also provide revealing snapshots of a movement that has institutionalized itself at all levels—a

Joshua Gamson, an associate professor of sociology at Yale University, is the author of Freaks Talk Back: Tabloid Talk Shows and Sexual Nonconformity *(Chicago).*

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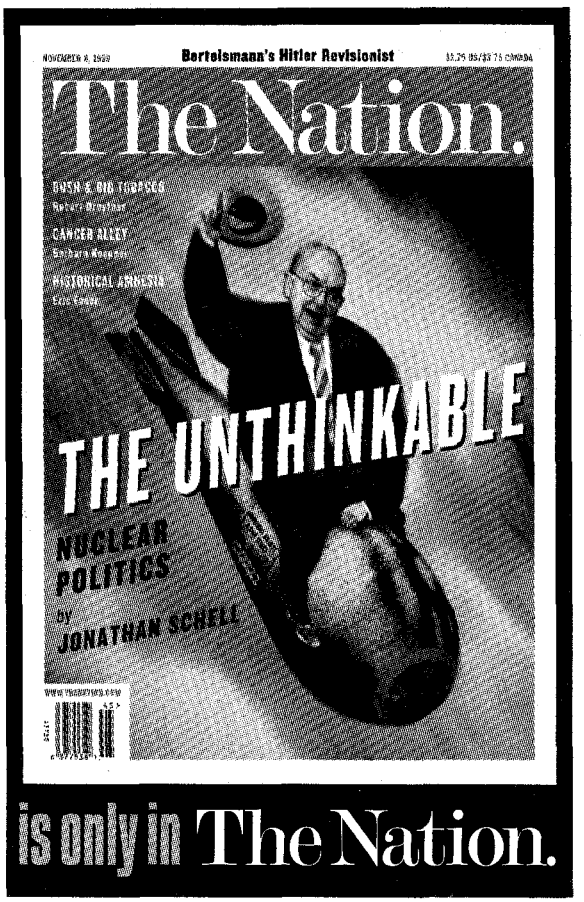

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movement that has institutionalized pretty much everything except accountability—and is only now starting to come to grips with what that means.

This complicated story begins in early 1998, when Birch, two of her colleagues from the HRC and Troy Perry of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches (UFMCC), the largest religious organization serving lesbians and gay men, had lunch with Robin Tyler, an events producer who had worked on previous marches and had been floating the idea of a march for months. Shortly thereafter they issued a call—which Birch now says was "a colossal error in judgment"—for a national march, with Tyler as "executive producer" and the HRC providing seed money and infrastructure support. A press release went out, listing endorsements from several major organizations.

With anger over the HRC's much-deplored decision to endorse Senator Al D'Amato still fresh, this move pissed off a lot of people, and organizers quickly found themselves on the defensive. In part, the call reignited ongoing debates in lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender (LGBT) movements about the value of expending resources on national efforts rather than state and local ones, especially at a time when so much action is taking place at the state level (the Hawaii and Vermont marriage cases, for instance, and anti-gay-rights initiatives such as California's Proposition 22). In part, Birch and Perry's articulation, on behalf of "the community," of "what it means to be gay in this nation at the turn of the century" (their words) inflamed longstanding divisions over assimilation. In a press release one month after their initial call, Birch and Perry argued that "the priorities of our community have changed dramatically," toward the pursuit of "stability in our relationships, health, homes and communities," the "desire to legally marry" and the return to "the churches of our youth." The march, they said, "is an unprecedented opportunity to celebrate our diversity as a community of family, spirituality and equality." The tone of conservative, hypernormative cheerleading, not surprisingly, did not sit well with many of the people being invited to join the fun, especially those on the left.

The call for the march reignited debates about expending resources on national efforts rather than state and local ones.

Within days, angry missives began flying over e-mail and through the gay press, and within months an official opposition group formed, calling itself the Ad Hoc Committee for an Open Process (AHC). The march, the committee argued, was outrageously undemocratic, closed-door and driven by a corporate outlook and commercial, gay-niche-marketing interests. It was announced, the AHC said, "as a done deal without any community input or discussion" and with "a complete absence of any meaningful local and community organizing efforts." Not only was there no consensus on the value of a national march, but no attempt was made to open the question to discussion. The march was being run by a self-selected board of directors rather than anything remotely like a representative body—"backroom wheeling and dealing," as AHC member Bill Dobbs puts it. People of color were included as individuals, but, as Mandy Carter, a longtime civil rights activist and AHC member, points out, "There is a qualitative difference between being a person of color and representing a people-of-color constituency." Two big organizations, white-led and looking to expand their already large base, speaking for everybody else because they thought they could, were imposing their wills, interests and agendas. There was no accountability to the communities the march was meant to represent. This was, the AHC said, Astroturf rather than grassroots organizing.

Behind all this, the AHC argued, was money. This march looked suspiciously like "a profit-making business enterprise masquerading as a lesbian/gay/bisexual/transgender civil rights rally." As evidence they cited the nondisclosure of financial information ("our contractual arrangements are none of their business," march board co-chair Donna Red Wing said in January); an apparently revolving door from the board to paid staff positions; the tight relationship with sponsors *The Advocate* and commercial website PlanetOut (which together have provided nearly $1.5 million in direct and in-kind support); and the march's original online sign-up form, which offered no information about joining in the planning and decision-making for the march but included a card for "great discounts." "The march," argues Alexandra Chasin, author of the forthcoming *Selling Out: The Gay and Lesbian Movement Goes to Market*, "was the very paradigm of intersection between the gay and lesbian niche market and the gay and lesbian political movement."

Indeed, the first speakers announced were celebrities Anne Heche, Ellen DeGeneres, Melissa Etheridge, Kristen Johnston and Martina Navratilova. They will be joined the night before the march by k.d. lang, Nathan Lane, Garth Brooks and the Pet Shop Boys at an HRC fundraiser concert (also helping to finance the Millennium March) called "Equality Rocks." The Millennium March "is going to be our Woodstock," then-co-director Malcolm Lazin (whose position was eliminated in another dispute this February) told the Washington *Blade*, leaving reasonable people to wonder whether he meant the original or last year's MTV-ish imitator.

While organizations such as Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, the National Latino/a Lesbian and Gay Organization, the National Organization for Women and the Family Pride Coalition signed on early and stuck with the march, others, like the National Black Leadership Forum and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF), withdrew their endorsements shortly after providing them. Eventually, hundreds of individuals signed the AHC's petition, among them playwright Tony Kushner, author Jewelle Gomez and San Francisco supervisor Tom Ammiano. Organizations including The National Association of Black and White Men Together, the AFL-CIO-affiliated Pride at Work, BiNet USA and the National Queer Student Coalition joined the opposition. The controversy has continued to boil for two years, and as the Millennium March date approaches, some activists continue to call for a boycott.

The Millennium March has indeed involved some of the most clueless organizing in gay American history. Yet what is also striking is how much the march organizing has changed, largely in response to the criticisms, and how little that matters to its opponents. The "faith and family" framework never really took, and

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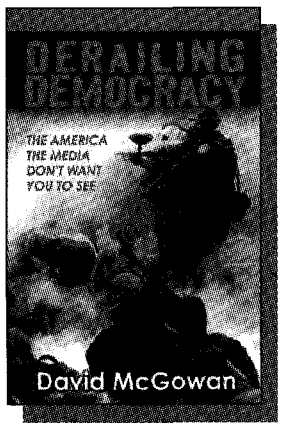

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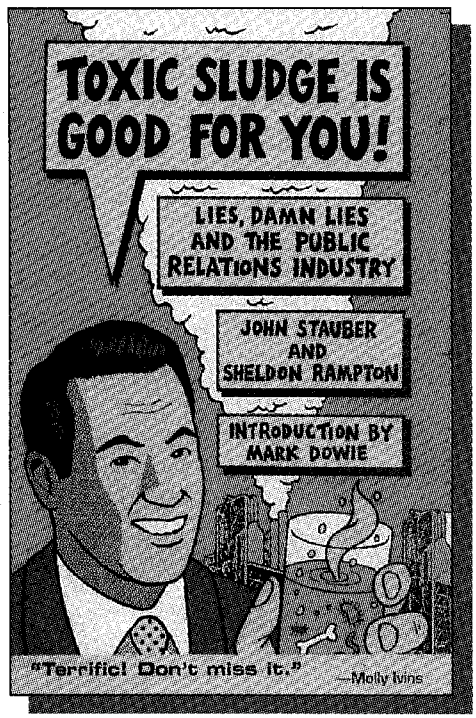
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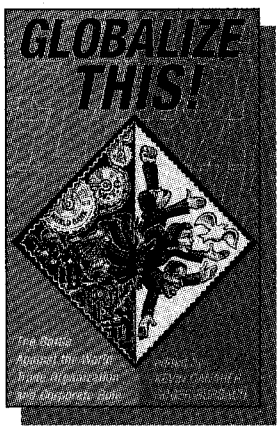

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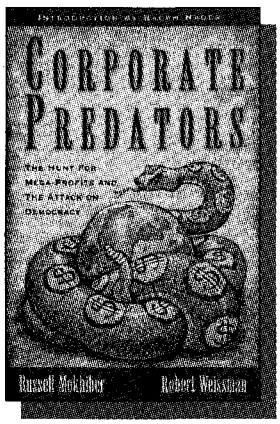

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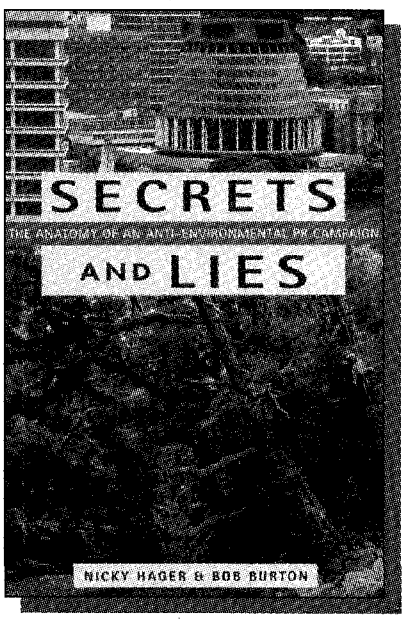

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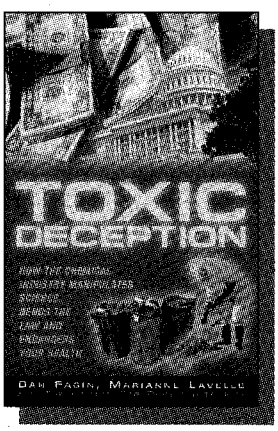

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with Robin Tyler's resignation last fall, even the showbiz-style "Look Ma! I'm gay!" pep-rally quality faded a bit. Director Dianne Hardy-Garcia, a Texas state lobbyist, instead argues that "we need our marches to be beyond visibility," and emphasizes the goal of increasing voter registration and turnout. The hardworking board and staff are unusually diverse (although board member Michael Williams recently resigned, saying, "The board as a whole let me down as a new board member and a person of color"). Based partly on an "open balloting process" through their website and some gay print media, this winter the board finally nailed down its "working vision," which includes "family values" but also racial justice, legal protections for LGBT youth and ending workplace discrimination. The speaker list, drawn in part from an open call for nominations, has expanded beyond celebrities to include Wisconsin Congresswoman Tammy Baldwin, Presidential HIV/AIDS Advisory Council director Daniel Montoya and transgender activists Dana Rivers and Jamison Green, among others. Eventually, three months before the march, the board did release an overview of its budget. And, should the march generate profits, the board has pledged to distribute 30 percent to statewide organizations, 30 percent to national organizations of color and another 30 percent to other community organizations, and to share registration lists with local, state, regional and national organizations.

Some of the opposition is just a recognition that if you aren't part of an organization, the movement may bustle on without you.

These actions are, the AHC maintains, too little too late. "Everything they've done has been cosmetic and superficial," says AHC member Leslie Cagan. Adds Dobbs, "Every step of the way they've tried to co-opt our principles." Early on, march organizers held a discussion of the issues attended by major organizations' directors, along with Ad Hoc Committee members, and initiated some "town meetings," but these scrambling efforts and the other modifications have seemed only to fuel the opposition. The process, critics argue, was flawed at inception, and no amount of Band-Aids can repair the damage. A board whose members, of whatever color, are not accountable to community organizations, a couple of screaming matches in Chicago and Minneapolis, and "input" from those with access to the Internet do not a democratic movement make.

The Millennium March on Washington will probably be a decent party. Although it will not mobilize nearly as many participants or attract as much media attention as the earlier marches, there will be stars and crowds of regular folks, voter-registration tables, cruising, rainbow flags, a mass wedding, T-shirts, doses of political rhetoric and thanking of corporate sponsors. Some of those attending will not even have heard about the behind-the-scenes controversy—which is entirely written out of the march website—and many will be inspired by the crowds. As a moment in movement history, though, it has already been much more than a party and a lot less fun.

The main story the march opposition wants to tell—of a movement dominated by arrogant, corporate-style, money-driven organizations geared toward assimilation through the marketing of acceptable gayness—is not untrue. The charge that some national event was organized from the top down would have sounded ludicrous less than a decade ago; there was no top from which to organize downward. But as the HRC grew and presumptuousness morphed into power, it began to look a bit monstrous, like it was sucking up the movement and spitting it out in its own image. In large part, what has made the HRC's growth possible is the successful marketing of a particular kind of gayness—for the most part, unsurprisingly, the white kind with money—that accompanied it. The more privileged among gay men, and to some degree among lesbians, have watched themselves become comforting cultural icons, represented flatteringly on the pages of glossy magazines, on *Will and Grace* and *Dawson's Creek*, in Rupert Everett, Ellen DeGeneres, Anne Heche and Melissa Etheridge. Less marketable gay people—poorer or darker or older or more radical in their gender and sexual practices—remain mostly invisible. The HRC has found in those tasting respectability its major donors, and in the HRC, the *Out* magazine of politics, those lucky folks have found their institutional body.

Still, that is only part of the story. Although, as Dobbs claims, "the studied eye can still see HRC fingerprints"—the HRC is well represented on the board and remains a major source of funds and publicity—both the HRC and the UFMCC have publicly distanced themselves quite a bit from the march itself. "The story really is how these two powerful organizations called a party, and how opposition to the call made them back off," says NGLTF executive director Kerry Lobel, who resigned from the march board early on. The Millennium March might actually be seen as an embarrassment for the HRC, even something of a slam.

Wherever one falls on the details of the dispute, the march controversy has focused attention not just on the HRC's agenda-setting power but on important new conditions in the movement as a whole. "The fundamental way in which the movement has changed over a long decade," says historian D'Emilio, "is that it is so institutionalized now, not just at the national level but even in a lot of states and big cities, and so much of the work of a gay movement is able to be done on a day-to-day basis by full-timers who have an organizational base. It's a different world. Unaffiliated people—who are the people that organized the other marches, and many of the people opposing this march—find themselves out in the cold." The LGBT movement has shifted from one of loosely affiliated activists to one of organizations.

Understandably, this freaks some people out. An organizational movement is a different sort of creature, and some of the opposition to the Millennium March is just a recognition that if you're not a member of an organization in the LGBT movement in the twenty-first century, the creature may well bustle along without you. Even more important, as the movement has built itself into a set of organizations, big questions have started to beg for answers—less the jazzy questions of political vision and strategy than ones of movement structure, of who is even positioned to ask and answer questions about vision and strategy. It is these urgent, unanswered questions, splattering painfully onto the Millennium March, that have transformed a pride picnic into something of a high-stakes mud fight. The crucial political moment comes not as people gather on the Mall but as they rethink and rework the movement after the mud has dried. ■

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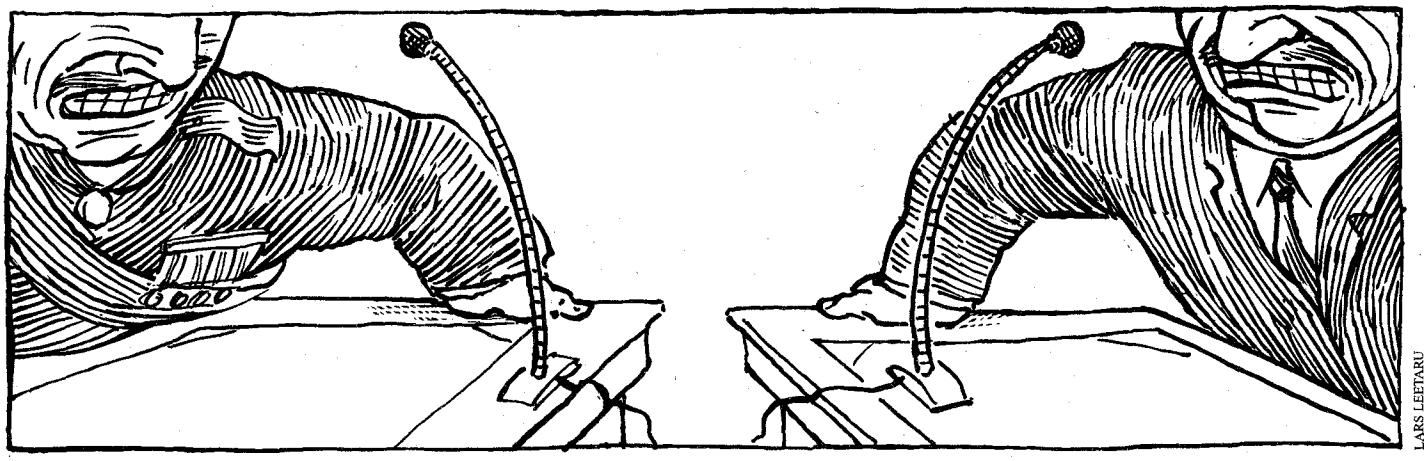
FOR YEARS, PAKISTAN TURNED ITS BACK ON INDIA, TRAINING ISLAMIC FUNDAMENTALISTS FOR THE AFGHAN WAR. NOW THE MILITANTS DREAM OF SEIZING CONTROL IN ISLAMABAD.



LARS LEETARU

Pakistan on the Brink: The Fate of a Cold War Pawn

TARIQ ALI

Pakistan today is a complete mess, a sad example of what can happen when a once-favored "frontline state" is reduced to the status of a cold war orphan. In his recent brief visit President Clinton urged a quick return to civilian rule, but in fact few Pakistanis mourn Gen. Pervez Musharraf's overthrow last October of Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif's corrupt and oppressive pseudo-democracy. The poor and the secular-liberal intelligentsia pray that the new military regime will prevent a slide toward further chaos. These hopes are likely to be dashed, since the regime is paralyzed by internal divisions. Mohammed Aziz and Mahmoud Ahmed, the two key generals flanking Musharraf, are known for their sympathies with the fundamentalist Taliban.

Several tests confront the new strongman of Pakistan: Will he be able to modernize the economy and end the corruption and violence that plague the country's major cities? Has he the will to disarm the fundamentalist militias, which have been fighting a sectarian civil war for nearly three years, without disturbing the unstable equilibrium within the army? Will he be able to make peace with India? These are the questions that a US President visiting a decaying protectorate would have addressed if he were genuinely interested in the welfare of the country. In all three areas, however, Washington is incapable of providing guidance. The US/IMF neoliberal agenda forbids desperately needed economic reforms, Washington is deeply implicated in the rise of the fundamentalist groups through its multibillion-dollar aid to the Afghan mujahedeen, and America's failure to ratify the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty makes a mockery of its repeated demands that Pakistan and India sign the pact.

Tariq Ali is the editor of Masters of the Universe? NATO's Balkan Crusade *(Verso).*

A basic modernization of Pakistan would include drastic land reform and a tax on wealth, increased state spending on primary and secondary education and healthcare, more public housing and the development of new medium-sized towns to decrease the pressure on large cities. A massive reduction in the military budget is crucial—roughly 6 percent of the country's GDP is devoted to the country's bloated military, about twice what is spent on education and health combined. And any serious political reform would include constitutional rights for women and minorities. The UN Development Program's gender empowerment measure, which rates gender inequality in areas of economic and political participation and decision-making, ranked Pakistan second worst in the world. Last year there were more than 1,000 "honor killings" of women.

Far from representing progress toward a solution, the October putsch has multiplied a succession of cumulative problems. It is true that the new regime has constructed a civilian charade around itself. Think tanks are flourishing, just like the poppy fields producing heroin under Taliban supervision next door in Afghanistan, but their presence solves nothing. Finance Minister Shaukat Aziz, a soft-spoken, US-educated former employee of Citibank, might appease the IMF and the World Bank, but free-market fanaticism can only enlarge the space for the armed bands of Islamists who roam the cities, unchecked and unafraid, the only available alternative to globalization.

In successive general elections, the people have consistently voted against hard-line religious parties. The strength of religious extremism, till now, has been derived from state patronage rather than popular support. The groups that are currently paralyzing the country were the creation of the late and unlamented Gen. Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, who received Saudi petrodollars and political, military and financial support from the United States and

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Britain throughout his years as dictator, from 1977 to 1988. The West needed Zia to fight its war against the former Soviet Union after that country invaded Afghanistan in 1979. Nothing else mattered. The CIA turned a blind eye to the sale of heroin, supposedly to fund that war, and the results are hideous: The number of officially registered heroin addicts in Pakistan rose from 130 in 1977 to 30,000 in 1988. Now there are several million addicts.

It was during this period that a network of *madrassahs* (religious boarding schools) was established throughout the country. Initially, most of these were funded by foreign aid from a variety of sources. These schools became the training grounds for a new-style religious "scholar." Since board and lodging were free, it was not only the children of poor Afghan refugees who flocked to receive this privileged and unique instruction. Poor peasant families were only too happy to donate a son to the *madrassahs*. It would be one less mouth to feed at home, and the boy would be educated and might find a job in the city or, if he was really lucky, in one of the Persian Gulf states. These childern were taught verses from the Koran and the necessity to lead a devout life—and to banish all doubt as well. The aim was clear: These *madrassahs* were nurseries designed to produce fanatics. As they grew older the children were instructed in the use of sophisticated weapons and taught how to make and plant bombs. Agents from the government's Inter-Services Intelligence (ISI) provided training and supervision and observed the development of the more promising students, or *taliban*, who were later picked out and sent for more specialized training at secret army camps, the better to fight the "holy war" against the Communist unbelievers in Afghanistan.

The fundamentalist influence over the army is clearly visible in the struggle with India over control of Kashmir.

For a time the war against the Soviet Union consumed their energies. After the Soviets were defeated, the Pakistani government, under Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto, saw an opportunity to extend its sphere of influence over Afghanistan. It therefore refused to accept the coalition government in Kabul and in 1994 unleashed the Taliban, which, backed by Pakistani Army commando units, seized the capital within two years.

The dragon seeds sown in 2,500 *madrassahs* produced a crop of 225,000 fanatics ready to kill and die for their faith when ordered to do so by their religious leaders. Gen. Naseerullah Babar, Interior Minister under Bhutto, confided to friends that since the Taliban were becoming a menace inside Pakistan, he had decided that the only solution to the problem lay in giving the extremists their own country. The poor fool. He could not imagine that the Taliban are not small-minded provincials. Their aim is to purify the entire house of Islam. Mullah Omar, the Taliban leader and Osama bin Laden's father-in-law, lost an eye in the struggle against the Afghan Communists. His remaining eye looks now at Pakistan and now at Central Asia. Power has made Omar and bin Laden giddy with success, and they have lost all sense of proportion. It is this that makes them dangerous for the region as a whole.

What if reality began to mimic our nightmares and the Taliban took over the Pakistani Army? Every political leader in Pakistan is aware of the danger. Nawaz Sharif, the deposed prime minister, tried to pre-empt political Islam by stealing some of its clothes and forging alliances with fundamentalists in the army, but the tactic backfired spectacularly. General Musharraf's success, however, should not be used to conceal a dangerous truth. The army is seriously split. A fundamentalist coup was narrowly averted in 1995, and two former heads of the ISI are closely linked to the armed Islamist militias. The fundamentalists have penetrated the army on every level. It is this fact that prevents the military from disarming the militias, which, despite their minority status, are creating mayhem in the country.

The irony of the present situation is that religion in the Punjab was always a relaxed affair. The old tradition of Sufi mysticism, with its emphasis on individual communion with the Creator and its hostility to preachers, had deep roots in the countryside. The tombs of the old Sufi saints, for centuries the site of annual festivals during which the participants sang, danced, drank, smoked bhang and fornicated to their heart's content, were placed under martial law by General Zia. The people were to be denied simple pleasures.

The arrival of a peculiarly non-Punjabi form of religious extremism was the birth of madness. Every faction now lays moral and political claim to Islam. Disputes are no longer settled through discussion but resolved by machine guns and massacres. Some Sunni groups (Pakistan is more than two-thirds Sunni) want the Shiites to be declared heretics and, preferably, exterminated. They have attacked Shiite mosques in the heart of Lahore and massacred the Shiite faithful at prayer. The Shiites, with Iranian backing, have begun to exact a gruesome revenge. Several hundred people have died in these intra-Muslim massacres, mainly Shiites.

In January 1998 an armed Taliban faction seized a whole group of villages in the Hangu district of Pakistan's Northwest Frontier Province. They declared the area to be under "Islamic laws" and promptly organized the public destruction of TV sets and antennae in the village of Zargari. This was followed by the burning of 3,000 "obscene" videos and audiocassettes in the small square in Lukki. There is something slightly comical in this hostility to television—it reminds one of a Situationist spectacle in the sixties—but humor, alas, is not something associated with the Taliban. The leader of the movement, Hussain Jalali, wants to extend the Afghan experience to Pakistan. After the television burning, he declared, "The hands and feet of thieves will be chopped off and all criminals brought to justice in accordance with Islamic laws."

The fundamentalist influence over the army is clearly visible in the struggle with India over control of Kashmir, which has been smoldering for years but exploded onto the front pages last summer with the occupation by Islamic militants of Kargil, in Indian-controlled Kashmir. After two months of fighting, the Clinton Administration persuaded Prime Minister Sharif to withdraw support for the militants. Sharif, now on trial for murder and hijacking, claimed in court that one of the reasons for the October coup was the army's unhappiness at his willingness to pull back from Kargil.

One of the most virulent and orthodox of the Sunni sects,

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What Should We Tell Our Kids About Drugs, AIDS and Needle Exchange?

THE TRUTH. Drugs are dangerous. One of the greatest dangers is the spread of HIV / AIDS. Needle exchanges prevent the spread of HIV among drug users and the general population where it is spread through sexual contact.

THE FACTS ON NEEDLE EXCHANGE

- According to Donna Shalala, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, "A meticulous scientific review has now proven that needle exchange programs can reduce the transmission of HIV and save lives without losing ground in the battle against illegal drugs."

  Source: Shalala, D.E., Secretary, Department of Health and Human Services, Press release from Department of Health and Human Services, (1998, April 20).

- "To date, nearly 40% of the 652,000 cases of AIDS reported in the United States have been linked to injection drug use. And more than 75% of babies diagnosed with HIV / AIDS were infected as a direct or indirect result of injection drug use by a parent."

  Source: Press release from Department of Health and Human Services, (1998, April 20).

- In 1996, 63% of the 375 new AIDS cases reported among children under age 13 were injection-related.

  Source: Based on the number of new AIDS cases among children under age 13 for which the exposure group was known. Centers for Disease Control, HIV / AIDS Surveillance Report, (Year-end edition), Vol. 8, No. 2.

Our Children Can Understand the Truth. Politicians should stop hiding behind children if they oppose needle exchange.

For more information visit: http://www.csdp.org.

Common Sense for Drug Policy, Kevin B. Zeese, President
703-354-9050, 703-354-5695 (fax), info@csdp.org

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Jamiat-e-Ahle Hadith, is a creation of the ISI. Ahle Hadith wants the Saudi model of Islam implanted in Pakistan, but without the monarchy. It has supporters and mosques throughout the world, whose aim is to supply cadres and money for the worldwide jihad. This sect is in a minority, but the president of the country, a bearded fool named Rafiq Tarrar, is a supporter and government ministers have graced its meetings. I was tempted to interview members of the sect at one of its offices in Lahore when I visited last fall, but the sight of thirty heavily armed guards decided me against the venture.

Ahle Hadith's armed wing, Lashkar-e-Taiba (Army of the Pure), could not exist without the patronage of the army. It has a membership of 50,000 militants and is the leading group in the "jihad" to "liberate" Indian Kashmir. The teenagers it recruits from poor families are trained by the army at eight special camps in Pakistani-controlled Kashmir and are funded by Saudi Arabia as well as the Pakistani government. The government pays them 50,000 rupees (approximately $1,000, roughly equivalent to a schoolteacher's annual salary) for each corpse—several hundred so far—returned from Kashmir. The Indian government has accused Lashkar of carrying out the massacre of thirty-five Sikhs in Kashmir on the eve of President Clinton's visit.

The Harakat ul-Ansar (Volunteers Movement), which was funded by the United States during the anti-Soviet Afghan war and backed by the ISI, was declared a terrorist organization by the State Department in 1998. It promptly changed its name to Harakat ul-Mujahedeen. This is the group that hijacked an Indian Airlines plane this past December. Its fighters were among the most dedicated Taliban, and it has shifted its training camps from the Punjab to Afghanistan. Harakat's leader, Osama bin Laden, continues to maintain close contacts with the ISI, and his supporters have warned the government that any attempt to abduct him or ban his organization would lead to an immediate civil war in Pakistan. They boast that the army, which is full of their supporters, will never agree to be used against them.

Both these groups want to take over Pakistan. They dream of an Islamic Federation that will impose a Pax Talibana stretching from Lahore to Samarkand but avoiding the Shiite "Heretic Republic of Iran." For all their incoherence and senseless rage, their message is attractive to those layers of the population who yearn for some order in their lives. If the fanatics promise to feed them and educate their children, they are prepared to forgo the delights of CNN and BBC World. If a pro-Taliban faction were ever to seize control of the army—a serious possibility when Musharraf fails—the possession of nuclear weapons would assume an even more frightening significance. It is unlikely that either India or China would sit back indefinitely.

There is a serious and rational alternative to domestic chaos: a long-term treaty of friendship and trade with India and a permanent settlement that could form the basis of a larger European Union–style confederation of South Asian states. Within such a framework even the bitterly disputed question of Kashmir could be solved. Only a vocal minority of religious groups, backed by the army, is opposed to a serious deal with India.

For more than fifty years Pakistan, with the backing of the State Department, turned its back on India and cultivated links with the Gulf States and Saudi Arabia. This policy has been a political and economic failure, leaving the country denuded of skilled labor and incapable of meeting its basic needs. The lesson is obvious. If the politicians of this turbulent subcontinent fail to devise a way to live with one another, they will end up dying together. The fallout could affect the entire planet. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

Party was weak, having won only a few major offices in the FDR landslide. La Follette said he hadn't yet reached a decision. But eventually we both ran for office as Republicans and were both defeated in the primaries. STEFAN H. ROBOCK

BLUE-GREEN DREAM TEAM

Los Angeles

■ David Moberg offers an excellent overview of labor-environmentalist relations at the national level ["For Unions, Green's Not Easy," Feb. 21]. However, there is a tendency to focus on a few high-profile national cases as a basis for understanding labor-environmentalist relations generally. In my research at the state level I find that those relations are much better. In a survey of state labor federation leaders, 64 percent identified relations with the environmental community as good or very good and most were able to cite cases of active cooperation. It may be beneficial for leaders and activists in both movements to encourage statewide labor-environmentalist networks and support progressive coalition formation at the state and local levels. This strategy has proven successful in the past. Some labor-environmental ties at the state level today are the product of network-building by the AFL-CIO in the eighties, when unionists and environmentalists united to oppose Reagan's anti-worker, anti-environment agenda. Grassroots training for unionists and environmentalists, like the Labor Institute's Jobs and the Environment program, should be expanded. The national labor-environmentalist meetings need to resume, too. Stronger ties at all levels may lead not only to more electoral and legislative victories in the states but may also create a climate in which national leaders are better able to resolve their differences. BRIAN K. OBACH

Torrance, Calif.

■ David Moberg overlooked two important points regarding the alliance between unions and environmentalists: job creation and energy conservation in the workplace. Research by World Watch Institute and others has shown that investment in healthcare, education and environmental cleanup creates up to two and a half times more jobs per tax dollar than specialized defense projects like, say, the Tomahawk Missile. In their research at the Rocky Mountain Institute, Amory and Hunter Lovins estimate that if companies implemented simple energy conservation programs using existing technologies, money could be saved to give workers long-overdue raises. STEVE VARALYAY

DO THEY TAKE TRAVELER'S CHECKS?

Miami

■ As an old-timer (native, continuous resident for fifty years), I can attest to the accuracy of Robert Sherrill's March 6 "Dade Ain't Disney," a review of Carl Hiaasen's latest book. His commentaries prove the saying, "The best thing about living in Miami is you are close to the United States." ALAN DALE MOBLEY

AMPLIFICATIONS & CORRECTIONS

Kimberly Peirce's name was misspelled in the April 3 Hollywood issue.

In Doug Ireland's March 6 "Abraham on the Altar," it should be noted that although the Federal Election Commission still lists him as a candidate, Nevada's Senator Richard Bryan has announced his retirement.

In Alexander Cockburn's "Beat the Devil" last week, Judge Hiller is "she," not "he."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The New U

DAVID L. KIRP

THE KNOWLEDGE FACTORY: Dismantling the Corporate University and Creating True Higher Learning.
By Stanley Aronowitz.
Beacon. 217 pp. $26.

A UNIVERSITY FOR THE 21st CENTURY.
By James J. Duderstadt.
Michigan. 358 pp. $47.50.

I.

While the public has been napping, the American university has been busily reinventing itself. In barely a generation, the familiar ethic of scholarship—baldly put, that the central mission of universities is to advance and transmit knowledge—has been largely ousted by the just-in-time, immediate-gratification values of the marketplace. The Age of Money has reshaped the terrain of higher education. That theme is taken up, though in antithetical ways, in Stanley Aronowitz's *The Knowledge Factory* and James Duderstadt's *A University for the 21st Century*.

Gone, except in the rosy reminiscences of retired university presidents, is any commitment to maintaining a community of scholars, an intellectual city on a hill free to engage critically with the conventional wisdom of the day. The hoary call for a "marketplace of ideas" has turned into a double-entendre, as the language of excellence, borrowed from management gurus, dominates in the higher-education "industry." Trustees, administrators, faculty, students, business, government—everyone involved in higher education is a "stakeholder" in this multibillion-dollar enterprise.

University administrators used to play Robin Hood, redistributing pots of money, much of it overhead generated by federal military contracts, to support liberal arts programs. But in the name of "responsibility-based management," programs that raise money from outside sources get to keep it. As pointed out in *Harvard* magazine, disciplines tied to money—either because their subject is wealth, or because they are in close proximity to the wealthy, or because they generate wealth for the university through the transfer of their technology to industry—are handsomely rewarded. Superstars are pursued as ardently as (if with somewhat more modest offers than) Ken Griffey Jr. When Columbia University offered Harvard economist Robert Barro $300,000 plus a raft of perks and the authority to rebuild the department, the story appeared on the front page of the *New York Times* business section. Less famously but more commonly, universities are investing millions to recruit leading scientists. Columbia was able to hold on to a prizewinning chemist only by promising to buy a piece of property and build a new lab to house a multimillion-dollar piece of equipment. Meanwhile, less lucrative academic pursuits are maintained as museums of the outmoded, and their curatorial faculty is paid a comparative pittance. As recently as a quarter-century ago, approximate parity in salaries was the norm, but today a full professor of English earns no more than a starting assistant professor of accounting.

Welcome to the 'busni-versity,' where the hoary call for a 'marketplace of ideas' has turned into a grotesque double-entendre.

The dining hall, the bookstore, the infirmary, the dormitory, even the library—more and more, every part of the university that can potentially make money (or, like the library, hemorrhage money) is being "outsourced." So too with teaching: Nearly half of all higher-education faculty, twice as many as in 1970, are part-timers. They are literally "adjunct"—marginal—to the en-

David L. Kirp, professor at the Goldman School of Public Policy, University of California, Berkeley, is author of the forthcoming Almost Home: America's Love-Hate Relationship with Community *(Princeton). He is currently at work on* The University in the Age of Money.

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terprise. As well, half of all new full-time faculty are now hired on short-term contracts, with no chance for tenure, marking a deep change in academic culture. Except at top-tier universities, tenure is vanishing, by stealth rather than by decree, as professors' claims that lifetime employment is essential to maintaining academic freedom lose out to the needs of the "knowledge industry" for a flexible academic work force.

Students, who used to be regarded as acolytes and learners, have morphed into consumers who can be "marketized"—that is, pitched. They are customers whose preferences are to be satisfied, not challenged by intellectual heresies. Students are less idealistic, more vocationally oriented, than ever. A quarter of all undergraduates now major in business, up from just 4 percent in 1970, while enrollment in the social sciences and humanities plummets.

Universities woo prospective students by pitching the quality of undergraduate life as if they were selling time shares, promising apartments rather than dorm rooms, high-tech gadgetry and state-of-the-art gyms. Faculty at some schools feel the pressure to keep grade-point averages high to keep the customers happy. The most academically talented students are avidly recruited by universities anxious for a loftier perch in the academic pecking order. Money is a major talking point, as merit-based scholarships are, more and more, replacing financial aid based on need—a reminder that the market, whether for widgets or higher education, is no respecter of equity.

Responsiveness to new student demands, the emergence of for-profit competition from multisite schools like DeVry Institute and the University of Phoenix, as well as from schools like Jones International University, which exist only virtually—taken together, these developments have made "any time, any place" higher education a near reality. This is the market functioning at its best. But at the same time, the gap between elite universities and mass institutions is widening. As scores of new institutions compete for MBA students, the value of a Stanford or Wharton degree rises. Because of their greater scarcity, these "brands" are worth more.

Struggling liberal arts colleges hire firms to make cold calls for freshman recruits and reinvent themselves as vocational schools in order to survive. Second-tier public universities are obliged to make do with less funding. Meanwhile, the richest institutions grow richer, as money begets money. Endowments soar along with the Dow Jones average, and technology transfer deals grow more lucrative as the leaders in the pack secure nearly $100 million a year in fees and royalties. The higher a college's *U.S. News & World Report* ranking, the easier it is to attract good students. Even as financially hard-pressed colleges rely on tuition hikes to pay the bills, Williams College, awash in endowment, announces—noblesse oblige—that it is freezing tuition levels.

It's Canute's folly to wish or will away these developments. There's no returning to Cardinal Newman's classic *Idea of a University*, where "useful knowledge" is a "deal of trash"—no returning, either, to the world envisioned eighty years ago in Thorstein Veblen's *The Higher Learning in America*, where pure research is the only legitimate pursuit of scholars and "vocationalism" is banished from academe. In reality, such a university never existed in the United States, where the

P'ANSORI

You are singing of bamboo flutes and barrel drums,
clapping in the alleys as your village celebrates a childbirth,
red peppers spread out on straw mats to dry.
You sing of hemp-weavers spinning fabric for *hanboks*,
knife-grinders, paper-makers pounding mulberry bark,
workers hauling burlap sacks of pine-nut or quince.
Fishermen watch mask-dances set to *kayagum* and gong.
Street vendors hawk *makkolli*, *soju*, soup boiled with sea-bracken,
shark-fins, dried squid, ginseng roots in jars, tiger balm.
There are sweet rice cakes and pears piled like sandbags,
and paper lanterns lit with candles for the wounded,
sculling down the village river to the open sea.
There are soldiers in your song, gunfire, a city bombed to rubble,
and starved dogs gnawing the bodies of the dead.
A surf of objects that beat against the doors of the skull
and are never answered,
the sand-grain variousness of things that can't be named
or forgotten, of people that have vanished.

I listen for your mother in your voice and cannot know
if I find her. Not much lives on, from one generation
to the next. Not much, but not
nothing: maybe the Paektu mountain tune
you both loved, crags grizzled with pine, rock maple,
black walnut, their burred and scabrous spines.
Shagbark and needledust. Gingkos scoured by snow.
Or cabbage chopped and scummed with red pepper,
stocked in clay vessels, rocked into the soil like seeds.
Buried in fall, dug up in spring, soured and spiced,
to nourish and to burn. Tell me if this is true.
I want to know what survives, what is handed down
from mother to daughter, over and over,
bond I cannot cut away, that keeps apart what it lashes together.
And I want to know what cannot be handed down, the part of you
that is only you, lonely fist of sinew and blood,
deep in your gut where cords lash bone, nerve, breath,
the part of you that first began to sing.

Sue Kwock Kim

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"practical arts" have been a central part of higher education's mission since the launching of land-grant universities in the mid-nineteenth century. What is new and troubling is the power that money directly exerts over every aspect of higher education. There is surely a place for the market in academic life, but the market needs to be kept in its place. The critical question is how to draw, and how to maintain, this line.

II.

Some higher-education initiatives, undertaken in the name of market responsiveness, plainly cross this line. Michigan Virtual Automotive College, the offspring of the University of Michigan and Michigan State, is a good example. Its raison d'être is to produce courses that satisfy the demands of the Big Three car manufacturers. Perhaps what's good for General Motors is, after all, good for the nation, but it's not necessarily good for higher education. MVAC courses are open only to employees of the sponsoring firm—so much for the "community" in community college. The curriculum can incorporate proprietary information that instructors are forbidden from using in their other courses—so much for academic freedom. Decisions about what courses to offer are made without any sort of faculty vetting—so much for academic autonomy. No questions would be asked if Ford Motor Company University offered such courses, but the auto manufacturers have farmed out their corporate training, complete with corporate secrets, to a public institution.

James Duderstadt was instrumental in launching MVAC in the mid-nineties, when he was president of the University of Michigan. But you have to read *A University for the 21st Century* with obsessive care to realize this, and nothing in the text hints at the troubling implications of this venture. As well, Duderstadt made "responsibility-centered management" the watchword in allocating campus funds. Yet the problems with this management strategy, the bare-knuckles competition among campus units, with colleges developing duplicate cash-cow courses like freshman writing, go unmentioned, despite the fact that those unintended consequences prompted his administration to back off from this management strategy.

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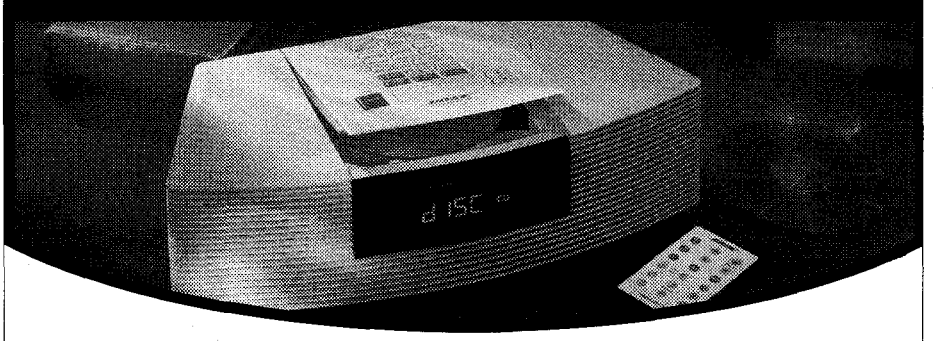

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ment speeches. When Harvard raids other universities for its senior faculty, Duderstadt complains, it's bad—but when Michigan does precisely the same thing in the name of diversity, it's good. When students press for more vocationally oriented courses, that's good—unless this undermines the liberal arts, in which case it's bad. When society makes demands on the university, that's good—unless they interfere with teaching and research—but when state legislators, the elected representatives of that society, introduce politics into the mix, that's bad. When faculty members pursue their own intellectual agendas, that's good. But when the faculty resist the central administration's agenda—which in Duderstadt's case included cross-disciplinary programs without clear rationale, quantifiable measures of productivity, anything to shake things up—that's bad.

"Change" is the mantra of *A University for the 21st Century*—the word is used more than thirty times in the Introduction alone—but such language abuse spells meaninglessness. Sometimes change is presented as good and sometimes as inevitable; often what's inevitable is taken to mean what's good. This can be an effective administrative tactic—"we must change or else"—but it loses a lot when committed to paper. What Duderstadt desires in the name of "change" is an institution that more closely resembles a business, with clear lines of authority—the president as the CEO, the faculty one of multiple constituencies, and trustees the corporate board. While Duderstadt's New U would not abandon its commitment to scholarship or its episodic concern for social justice, it would be mainly a creature of the market.

The best moments in *A University for the 21st Century* represent acts of bravery. For instance, Duderstadt proposes to cut college football and basketball down to Ivy League size or else to get big-time sports out of the university. That's heresy in sports-mad Michigan. The rationale is a riff on the gentleman athlete, Dink Stover at Yale: pro-style entertainment doesn't belong in a university. Fair enough—but what's the difference between sponsoring a money-generating partnership between the university and the Disney Corporation, which Duderstadt embraces, and sponsoring those money-generating gridiron Wolverines?

What makes *A University for the 21st Century* worth paying attention to is not the quality of its insights but its rarity. Visionary university presidents—even articulate university presidents—are a nearly extinct breed: There is no time to contemplate the mission of the institution while constantly raising buckets of money. Among higher education's leaders, only a few—Harvard's former president Derek Bok and Princeton's ex-president William Bowen are the best examples—write intelligently about these matters. Clark Kerr's *The Uses of the University*, first published in 1963 and now in its fourth edition, remains the clearest statement of the purposes of a modern university—the multiversity, as Kerr called it, a "city of intellect." Though Kerr's argument is too obeisant to the practical and insufficiently attentive to pure scholarship and teaching, no one has made the contrary case convincingly.

In the final chapters of *A University for the 21st Century*, Duderstadt argues that universities lack the power to chart their own course. The real drivers are Internet technology, government research support and student aid, the demands of society and, above all, the tsunami of market forces. Instead of trying to emulate the old statesmen of higher education, Duderstadt contends, university presidents can only seize the opportunities of the moment—they must be foxes, not hedgehogs. If *carpe diem* means MVAC and responsibility-centered management, though, we are far better off with no leadership at all.

Duderstadt—Not! would make a fine title for Stanley Aronowitz's *The Knowledge Factory: Dismantling the Corporate University and Creating True Higher Learning*. Like Duderstadt, Aronowitz has spent much of his career in universities, but he sees himself as situated outside the mainstream—in, but not of, the academy. The book reflects this critical distance. It is a tirade against all the changes in higher education that have been wrought in the name of efficiency.

The Knowledge Factory is more dour and less pleasurable to read than Cary Nelson and Stephen Watt's *Academic Keywords: A Devil's Dictionary for Higher Education*, which covers similar ground with greater wit and juicier stories. While Aronowitz touches all the bases—the debasement of intellectual pursuit in favor of the useful, the growing influence of big business, the disappearance of faculty autonomy, the increasing vocationalism of students and so on—the thrust and logic of his argument is hard to pin down. Clearly he's mad as hell and doesn't want to take it anymore, but just what is he mad at? Is faculty unionization, which he avocates, a strategy for reconstituting the university or just a way to

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preserve the privileges of tenure-ladder professors? Are students potential allies in a rebellion against career education or simply seekers after credentials? Does higher education enlighten students or domesticate them for inherently alienating jobs? Are administrators the true managers of the knowledge factory or the shills for big money?

Much of the argument proceeds by anecdote, and anecdote of dubious generalizability at that. The fact that neither Theda Skocpol nor Paul Starr was given tenure by Harvard's sociology department speaks volumes about the pathologies of that particular department but does not demonstrate that women and leftists have been kept out of elite universities en masse (Skocpol went to Michigan, Starr to Princeton—tony "exiles" indeed). That Duke's English department couldn't hold on to all the stars it recruited does not mean that prestige-hungry universities shouldn't go after star faculty. Oft-told tales about New York's City College in the thirties, when Daniel Bell and Irving Kristol were young, really don't speak to the present situation. If that was a moment when, as Aronowitz observes, working-class students could receive a liberal education, those students were few in number, and most of their peers went straight into the factory. Has the emergence of mass higher education made the world a worse place?

Although *The Knowledge Factory* is radical in its critique of the new "busniversity," it turns sharply to the right when it comes to prescription. Most critics of the market ethic want to set the clock back to higher education's presumed glory days, the fifties and sixties, when money was easy to come by and liberal arts education was in fuller flower. *The Knowledge Factory* looks back to an earlier era, the days of the true core curriculum, as its model.

The crucial question of how universities should be run is handled in just a few pages—an odd editorial choice in a book that focuses on the damage wrought by structural changes in how higher education is governed. The barely sketched proposal to restore faculty hegemony over academic life invites the herd of cats called professors to run the show, without any reason to believe that they'd do a better job than the present crop of administrative mandarins.

The centerpiece of *The Knowledge Factory* is a richly detailed liberal arts curriculum—Stanley Aronowitz on one end of the log, the student on the other. In his desire to prescribe what students should learn, Aronowitz is just like scores of professors, Howard Roarks of the academy, each harboring a vision of intellectual utopia. What's urged is wonderfully old-fashioned stuff. Down with relevance. Revive the Great Books curriculum, updated to include the perspectives of more than Dead White European Males—and teach it at all levels, from inner-city community colleges to Berkeley and Brown. While Aronowitz and Allan (*The Closing of the American Mind*) Bloom differ about some essentials—the place of Freud and Marx in the canon, for instance—Bloom would feel at home teaching this two-year sequence of required courses, replete with detailed reading lists, laid out in Aronowitz's text. Would students want to take such courses? They would have to be persuaded, says Aronowitz. Could faculty teach them? They would have to be "re-educated" (a term whose unhappy connotations go unremarked upon).

There is a persuasive case for universal liberal education (as laid out powerfully elsewhere, for example by Martha Nussbaum in *Cultivating Humanity*), but it is not advanced in *The Knowledge Factory*. The tacit assumption is that the benefits of this kind of learning are so obvious that they can be presumed—after all, who could argue against "the goal of human completeness"? Many academics share this belief, which offers a comforting rationale for a life that entails spending only eight or ten hours a week in the classroom or even in the company of students. Yet the pressures of the marketplace point elsewhere, toward a world where "knowledge production and transmission must now justify itself in terms of its economic value." Unless mainstream America can be convinced that a liberal arts education is something of intrinsic, not simply economic, value, there will be no slowing the drive to turn higher education into just another market sector. It's not entirely farfetched to imagine that, a generation from now, shares of Yale Inc. and the Princeton Corporation will be bought and sold, just like stock in the University of Phoenix or IBM. ■

ART

Touched by an Angel

ARTHUR C. DANTO

TILMAN RIEMENSCHNEIDER

An image, Albrecht Dürer said, is "no more responsible for superstitious abuse than a weapon is responsible for a murder." It is somewhat startling to find, in the controversy over the power of images in the early years of the Reformation in Germany, the familiar argumentation of the National Rifle Association. Admittedly, Dürer had the same vested interest as a purveyor of images that a manufacturer of handguns has in arguing that the point is not to control weapons but to re-educate their users. The analogy nevertheless stands as evidence for the felt danger of images in Dürer's world. Indeed, the image would be far more dangerous than a mere weapon, since it exposes worshipers to the danger of eternal punishment in case they find themselves, as often happened, worshiping the image instead of whatever the image represents. Better to rid the churches of images altogether than to trust the pious not to believe that Jesus or Mary, or a particularly well-disposed saint, was mysteriously present in their effigies. The power of the image was in effect the power of the being that occupied it—which struck the enemies of the image as idolatry, or the worship of finite things. This had the consequence of driving images underground, in the form of doll-sized objects of private adoration. Even today, after all, lovers kiss the snapshots of their beloveds, as though the relationship between the two were metaphysically intimate. Iconoclasm did not always entail that images (read: "idols") should be burned like heretics. They could be shrouded or stored in cellars or otherwise quarantined. But image control was the order of the day under militant Lutheranism—not least of all because the church issued indulgences to those who prayed to particularly powerful images, like the Virgin of the Apocalypse, or the Virgin of the Rosary. Protestants could do little better to register doctrinal difference than to purge their

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churches of likenesses. Catholicism retaliated by crowding its churches with images for the benefit of those who sought the concrete presence of the beings they worshiped. Aesthetic contemplation was not really a concept in the sixteenth century. Churches were not museums of fine art.

It is ironic that iconoclasm should have erupted with such virulence in the golden age of German sculpture, bringing it in effect to an end. The great achievement of the so-called limewood sculptors of the late Gothic period was the elaborate altarpiece, or retable, which served to render visible the object of devotions enacted on the altar just below. It was very much as if the saint conferred upon her celebrants the immense benefit of her virtual presence in the charged space where masses were performed. The architecture of the retable contributed to the awe in which the image was held. It was, for example, equipped with doors, which would be opened only on auspicious religious occasions but otherwise were kept closed. It had to have been a pretty powerful experience to behold one's special saint under candlelight, as the priests in elaborate robes intoned indispensable prayers in a language farmers and merchants no longer understood (conducting services in the vernacular belonged to the same agenda as iconoclasm). The space of the retable was a space within the space of the church, and when the doors stood open, an extraordinary bond united the persons within and without that encapsulated space. It would have been difficult to believe with Dürer that the images were merely neutral. Everything in the setting cried out against such a reduction.

The Franconian sculptor Tilman Riemenschneider was the great master of the pre-Reformation retable. There is an astonishingly complete altarpiece in the Jacobskirche in Rothenburg, executed around 1502, which must have seemed miraculous in its own right because of the skill with which it was carved. It is known as the Holy Blood Altarpiece, containing what was believed to be Christ's very blood as a relic. My own view is that images were felt more or less to have the status of relics, and one's relationship to them was entirely parallel to that with such awesome things as pieces of the true cross, or drops of the Virgin's milk, or whatever. There is a large photograph of the Holy Blood Altarpiece in the exhibition devoted to Riemenschneider at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art (until May 14), and it is worth a moment's examination if one wishes to get a sense of the context for which so much of the artist's work was designed. The retable consists of three zones. In the lowest zone, which in effect is the altarpiece's predella, angels on either side of the crucified Christ display some of the emblems of his redemptive suffering—the whipping post on one side, the cross on the other. The topmost zone is a flamboyant superstructure, as intricate and lacelike as a Gothic spire, which gives the sense of being made of the thorned branches with which Christ was flogged and crowned. This shrine holds the relic that refers to and is explained through the suffering represented in the predella. The midzone shows Christ and his disciples taking their last meal together, the weight of the event inscribed in the seriousness of their expressions. The inner surfaces of the doors, visible only when they are opened, show scenes from the life of Christ, carved in an astonishingly low relief—Christ's fateful entry into Jerusalem on the altar's right, and on its left Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, praying not to have to undergo the tortures shown in the predella or spill the blood believed actually present at the apex of the tower. The whole piece is, as one of the specialists writes in the catalogue, "an intense reflection on the nature of representation."

Not long ago, a distinguished novelist volunteered, in a panel in which I participated, a comparison between literary and visual art. The difference, he said, is that because novels are made of language, they express thought—whereas pictures are just pictures. This is hardly a judgment that can survive the experience of a work like the Holy Blood Altarpiece, if it is even possible to think of it as a "reflection on the nature of representation." The truth, which would be amazing if it were not so commonplace, is that visual artists express thoughts, and often very complex thoughts, by sensuous means so compelling that even the illiterate can grasp their meaning. In the eighteenth century, pictures and sculptures underwent transformation into aesthetic objects, to be addressed through a kind of disinterested contemplation. They were put on pedestals, so to speak, the way women once were, to be admired as decorative trophies. I have often thought that the aestheticization of images and of women was an ingenious response to the perceived danger of both. In any case, from my fellow symposiast's point of view, a visual artwork is

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simply something good to look at, perhaps an embodiment of beauty. But aestheticization was a defensive measure against the fear that images would penetrate consciousness and cast us into sin. Words, by contrast, were relatively harmless. "The whole direction of early Lutheran piety," Michael Baxandall writes, "was away from the image, indeed away from the altar, and towards the word and the pulpit."

Fortunately for us, Riemenschneider produced his great work before retables stopped being commissioned, leaving sculptors with no way to earn their livelihoods. Something like this happened, incidentally, in late medieval philosophy as well. It became more and more intricately architectonic—until, through Lutheranism, thinkers all at once lost interest in abstruse distinctions and ramified argumentation. "The wretched Luther has emptied the lecture halls," a sixteenth-century philosopher said. What philosophy and art would have been like had the Reformation never taken place is impossible to imagine.

There is no integral altarpiece in the Metropolitan exhibition, but there is a wall installation made up of six components—four figures from the predella and two carved door panels—from a magnificent retable, originally in the Church of Mary Magdalen in the town of Münnerstadt. The predella figures are the four evangelists, each holding the Gospel with which he is credited, and each represented in a posture of complete inwardness, as if reflecting on the meanings of the events he has narrated. They seem to represent four stages of writing. Matthew is looking upward, as if waiting for a revelation to transcribe in the book in his lap; Mark, with his lion, doglike on the floor beside him, is intensely reading what he has written; Luke has closed his book and is reflecting on its incredible narrative; John appears to be interpreting a difficult passage, perhaps for himself, holding up the fingers of his right hand like a scholarly explainer. Or perhaps he is editing. The four figures together form a frieze of intense intellectual concentration. They originally populated the lower zone of the Münnerstadt retable.

The middle zone reveals the ascension of the Magdalen, accompanied by angels and wearing a penitential garment. The doors show scenes from the Magdalen's life when she was still a harlot, paying tribute to Jesus in ways that may have occurred to a woman of her calling—laving Christ's feet with her luxuriant tresses in the house of Simon, reaching out to touch the resurrected Christ with one hand and holding her jar of ointment with the other, as if to comfort him in the only way she knows. Christ repulses the gesture, telling her not to touch him—*Noli me tangere.* The garments of both figures—and Christ's banner as well—seem whipped by a strong wind, to my mind always the emblem of invisible powers. In Counter-Reformation Rome, the furled, blown garment expresses the situation of celestial beings—saints, martyrs, angels—caught up in a world of fierce invisible forces. In an early Annunciation, which Riemenschneider carved in alabaster, the angel's robe is agitated as if the angel had been blown into the Virgin's presence. Interrupted by this astonishing

Cartoon Physics

Children under, say, *ten* shouldn't know
that the universe is ever-expanding,
inexorably pushing into the vacuum, galaxies

swallowed by galaxies, whole

solar systems collapsing, all of it
acted out in silence. At ten we are still learning

the rules of cartoon animation,

that if a man draws a door on a rock
only he can pass through it.
Anyone else who tries

will crash into the rock. Ten year olds
should stick with burning houses, car wrecks,
ships going down—earthbound, tangible

disasters, arenas

where they can be heros. You can run
back into a burning house, sinking ships

have lifeboats, the trucks will come
with their ladders, if you jump

you will be saved. A child

places her hand on the roof of a schoolbus,
& drives across a city of sand. She knows

the exact spot where it will skid, at which point
the bridge will give, who will swim to safety
& who will be pulled under by sharks. She will learn

that if a man runs off the edge of a cliff
he will not fall

until he notices his mistake.

Nick Flynn

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occurrence, the Virgin looks calmly up from her book, but in contrast with the angel, her robe falls in deep, gentle curves to the floor. They belong to different orders of being.

The components from the Münnerstadt altarpiece, like those from the Holy Blood Altarpiece in Rothenburg, are carved of limewood, and this raises a question to which no one, so far as I know, has found a compelling answer. Since it was the practice in Germany to cover sculpture with polychrome paint, the question is why Riemenschneider's figures are palpably carved wood, natural rather than painted and gilded. The wood is not raw, of course. It is stained and polished, but its wooden substance has something like the warmth and smoothness of flesh, and we can imagine it reflecting candlelight like beautifully polished furniture. All this would be submerged under gesso if the figures were painted to look like, well, real people with pink faces and blond hair and rich garments. There is a paradox in the fact that they look more real, though visibly carved from wood, than had they been painted to look more realistic. Their unembellished woodenness did not in any case immunize viewers against the toxin that images were believed to carry. Fidelity to the medium, of course, was ideologized in modernist times, so that painting wooden sculpture was considered an aesthetic crime. But it is probably a mistake to project aesthetic theories very far back in time. Riemenschneider's contemporary Veit Stoss was in fact commissioned to paint the Münnerstadt altarpiece. But Stoss specified that one of his own altarpieces should not be painted, leaving us to ponder what the reasons could have been.

He was, the catalogue speculates, "keenly aware that layers of ground and paint would conceal the fineness of carving." But who would be interested in fine carving except fellow members of the sculptors' guild? Those who knelt before the altar were put in the presence of a vision and were hardly interested, caught up as they were in prayer, in the craftsmanship of the figures. Much of the writing on Riemenschneider—about whom not a lot is known—uses concepts from modern art criticism, when the whole institutional structure of presenting art resembles nothing in the world of the limewood sculptors. Baxandall, whose scholarship is indispensable, finds that Riemenschneider's work, seen from a close view, is disappointing: "The figures are grotesquely proportioned with big heads and even larger noses" and "The more carvings by Riemenschneider one sees, the more repetitive and mechanical the cutting of such detail as eyes and hair can appear." But the images were not intended to be seen close up. Nor were they meant to be shown together, as in a retrospective exhibition, in which a modern critic might complain that his figures were much alike—that the artist was "repeating himself." People did not move from church to church, as they do in Chelsea from one gallery to another. Much of the critical literature, if less outspoken than Baxandall, is equally anachronistic. Which leaves in the dark the fact that Riemenschneider and Stoss and so many of the limewood sculptors of Germany quite evidently cherished the fact that their great works were seen to be made of grained and knotted wood, minimally enhanced with stain.

The figures were for the most part meant to be seen from below—the curators have installed the carvings at the high angle from which they would have been seen by worshipers. The disproportion Baxandall deplores might, from that perspective, simply have disappeared. The heads of Greek sculptures were deliberately enlarged in order that they look normal when the statue is displayed on columns. This was one of the illusions that Plato held against the visual artists of his time. The largeness of heads in retables contributed to the illusion so central to religious experience in Franconian churches, which

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Now that the worst is over, they predict
Something messy and difficult, though not
Life-threatening. Clearly we needed

To stock up on water and candles, making
Tureens of soup and things that keep
When electricity fails and phone lines fall.

Igloos rise on air conditioners, gargoyles
Fly and icicles shatter. Frozen runways,
Lines in markets, and paralyzed avenues

Verify every fear. But there is warmth
In this sudden desire to sleep,
To surrender to our common condition

With joy, watching hours of news
Devoted to weather. People finally stop
To talk to each other—the neighbors

We didn't know were always here.
Today they are ready for business,
Armed with a new vocabulary,

Casting their saga in phrases as severe
As last night's snow: *damage assessment,*
Evacuation, emergency management.

The shift of the wind matters again,
And we are so simple, so happy to hear
The scrape of a shovel next door.

Phillis Levin

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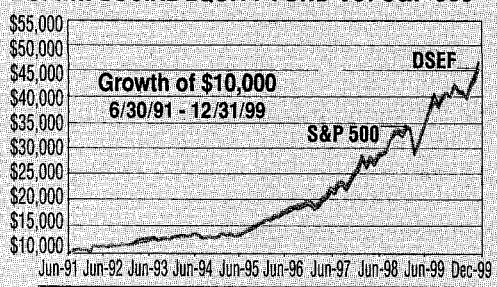

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would differ completely from the experience of a scholar examining them objectively with magnifying glasses.

In any case, unless one is looking with a connoisseur's eye at the pieces installed in the exhibition, one will not have a sense, let alone a strong sense, that the work is repetitive. We may not be able to see the figures with the eye of faith, the way Riemenschneider's contemporaries did, but we cannot but respond to the intense feelings his figures express—cannot fail to note the way the calmness of the Virgin, for example, is made transparent by the visual excitement of the angel's garment. Many of the pieces, of course, refer to some lost altarpiece; but even without the context in which a figure's expression would be explained by showing its object, we get a pretty good sense of what Riemenschneider is attempting to tell us. We know, for example, through the effect the sober figure of Saint Matthew makes on us, what it would contribute as part of an altarpiece. Matthew has been distracted by something momentous. He was fiddling with his robe when the revelation came, and his hands seem arrested in whatever gesture he was performing. His eyes look steadily away, his expression is resolute, he is prepared for the terrible events that lie ahead. Connoisseurship is probably indispensable in deciding matters bearing on the physical statue, but has little to do with the calling of a saint. Riemenschneider was not carving for experts but for the most ordinary of persons. His means—and meanings—are almost transparent.

Matthew is as upright as a pillar. As such, the statue contrasts with the amazing image of Tobias and the Archangel Raphael, carved by Veit Stoss, and placed next to Matthew to show the strong differences between these two masters. The story is from the Old Testament: Tobias's father, Tobit, has gone blind and become poor. The devoted son sets out to collect money owed Tobit and meets a stranger, who instructs him to catch a fish, remove its gall and use this to restore the father's sight. Raphael is measurably taller than Tobias in Stoss's piece, and characteristically, his garment seems blown about by the winds that proclaim his angelic identity. It is easy to suppose that he moves without touching the ground—every inch an archangel. Tobias is dressed like the Jack of Hearts, with a felt hat and what may be an ermine tippet. His feet seem to execute a dance step, and indeed his *contrapposto* posture is that of a dancer. But he also seems, in contrast with the effortlessness with which Raphael moves, to be feeling his way along the ground, unsure of his footing. In an odd way, Tobias seems, like a good son, to have taken on his father's blindness. He is clutching the angel's arm and being led. His head is tilted upward, and he has no expression to speak of.

The archangel wears a smile of cosmic superiority. There are no smiles as such on Riemenschneider's faces. Stoss belonged to the archetype of the rebellious artist, in trouble with the law, often on the lam. Riemenschneider was as upright as his Saint Matthew, which could be a moral self-portrait. He was a pillar of the community, a magistrate as well as the master of a busy workshop, Kantian in his devotion to duty (for reasons of political conviction, he too got into hot water). He gave his patrons images they understood, since the expressions they wear are like the expressions through which we all read one another's feelings. In this respect, there is little difference between their psychology and our own. The figures suffer and show tenderness, in just the way people everywhere do. The retables show ordinary humans caught up in superhuman happenings. Their readability has to have lent conviction to the images, and possibly it explains something about the use of wood. This too may be a modern attitude, projected back into an artistic period very different from ours, but we are made of the same emotional substance as those first affected by his figures, which they saw as made of the same emotional substance as themselves. ■

FILMS

Legionnaire's Disease

STUART KLAWANS

BEAU TRAVAIL

If you squint long enough at Claire Denis's amazing *Beau Travail*—you'll have to squint, given the African sunlight—you will make out the faint contour of a story. A young recruit—call him Gilles—shows up at a French Foreign Legion post near present-day Djibouti. Here the natural world is vast in its indifference; the people, intimate in theirs; and so the soldiers are as self-encapsulated as if they were living in mid-ocean. They have only one another; but their sergeant, Galoup, lacks even that comfort. He is a man apart, and he detests Gilles on sight.

"He seduced everyone," Galoup mutters in his voiceover narration, exposing the rancor of a homely veteran (dog face on top of fireplug body) for the tall, slim newcomer with the almond eyes and faultless demeanor. Having nothing else to think about, given his isolation, Galoup concentrates on hating Gilles. He develops a plot against him and then, with joy, watches it succeed, as he incites the subordinate to strike him.

Does it matter that Claire Denis has borrowed this mere outline of a story from *Billy Budd*? Maybe; a little. (She also has mentioned two terse, enigmatic poems by Melville as having inspired *Beau Travail*.) But what matters more is the sense of something mute and weighty in the film's events, which appear before you not as a narrative stream but singly or in small groups, like a set of archaic sculptures.

Like such sculptures, the scenes are most often found in fragments. You could almost wrap your hands around them—a torso here, an abandoned leg there. Yet for all their tactility, piece by piece, they prove to be phantasmagorical. The entire film takes place within the tortured mind of Galoup, who recalls these images from his exile in Marseilles.

Here's how Galoup's mind works. You first see a crude mural painting of black silhouettes against an orange field: soldiers crossing a rocky landscape, beneath "Africa's burning sun" (as a men's chorus sings on the soundtrack). Let's call this an establishing shot, which lays before you the stiff, simplified, two-dimensional landscape of Galoup's thoughts. That's where the story will take place—or will it?

As if jumping into a different mental register, you next find yourself looking at an African woman, all dressed up and marking time in a strangely silent disco-

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theque. She performs an air kiss, which seems to operate as a signal, since the frame suddenly erupts with music, flashing lights and dancing. Africa has now become a fully three-dimensional press of bodies—female, mostly—which glow with an unashamedly mercenary allure.

Another cut: An African man, wearing a New York Yankees cap, is yelling into a telephone, saying something about Djibouti. Having named the locale, he disappears almost before you can register his presence, to be replaced by the light of a scorched landscape, visible through the crossbars of a train's window. The train rolls on for a long time. (Apparently, the distances are great in Galoup's mind.) Then the traveling images give way to still pictures of pebbly earth and low shrubs; and then a shadow appears.

It is the shadow of a man. The camera follows it to its source: a muscular, bare-chested African who is standing with his eyes closed while stretching his arms toward the sun. Other men in the same eerie pose—similarly young, similarly well muscled—are arrayed near the first in the raking, golden light. These are Galoup's soldiers. On the soundtrack, a chorus from Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd* gives voice to the men's longing for the sun, or (just as likely) Galoup's longing for the men.

Bizarre, abrupt and disjointed, these opening images introduce you to Claire Denis's narrative tactics but not to the fullness of her themes. She needs time for those to develop: time to show you the routine. You see ample, gorgeous footage of soldiers throwing themselves through an obstacle course, practicing an assault at a construction site, whooping it up in town on their night's leave, ironing their uniforms. Yes, ironing. The Legion instills elegance in its men, says the post's khat-chewing officer, Bruno, and perfect creases are a part of that elegance.

You can see at once why Sergeant Galoup adores Bruno with a canine devotion. He can tolerate Bruno's spending evenings with Ali, the guy who supplies the khat. But when Bruno starts eyeing the new boy, Gilles, it's too much. Bruno even meets Gilles one night outside the barracks, under a full moon. This is how Galoup remembers the scene (or how he imagines it, now that he's alone and unemployed in Marseilles): The officer saunters out of the blackness, cigarette in hand, and with heavy eyelids and ponderous vowels asks for a light. Gilles obliges. Then Bruno, with gruff but languorous elegance, blows smoke, as he drawls a suggestive compliment on Gilles's looks.

This is not the craziest moment in *Beau Travail*; but it will do as a place to pause and take stock of the main theme, which is not merely isolation but uselessness. What's the point of the exertion, the loneliness, the sheer boredom of life in the Legion? Why burn up your muscles jumping in and out of pits, and your nerves pretending to capture the empty shell of a building? Why put those perfect creases into your pants, only to get them soaked with beer and sweat in the bars, where your money's wanted and you're not? Colonialism is finished, but the Legion is still out there, and nobody, starting with Bruno, knows or cares why. "I served for two years at home," a Russian-born soldier explains at one point, recalling how he joined the Legion. "But it's impossible to fight just for an ideal." To which Bruno replies, "What ideal?"

And Claire Denis adds, "What fight?" The only struggle available to these particular soldiers is the one with themselves. Maybe that's why Galoup, the sole Legionnaire who seems born for battle, settles his hatred on Gilles, to make up a use for his talents—and once he's fully committed to the fight, the movie really goes nuts.

Galoup invents an off-base mission for the men, repairing a virtually nonexistent road in the middle of a wasteland. (How's that for an image of uselessness?) The scene shifts from a normal barracks to an encampment in the wild. Instead of running an obstacle course and practicing maneuvers, the soldiers now perform exercises that might be seen in a class in yoga or modern dance. Around the time Galoup springs his trap, you see the soldiers paired off, hurling their bare chests together for an embrace, then bounding backward to do it again. Love and murder, boredom and futility, the onetime colony and colonialism's human jetsam. "Goodbye, Frenchie, and good riddance," Galoup says to himself, dreaming the voice of an African woman, as he prepares to return to a France that's foreign soil to him.

Galoup is played by Denis Lavant, the slit-eyed, pockmarked, furrow-browed acrobat who is best known for bringing grit to Leos Carax's movies. (He's been the sand in the oyster, the real toad in the imaginary garden.) It's worth the price of admission just to see Lavant at the end credits, dancing alone before a mirror, his body set free at last, as he seems to translate all the film's events into a fit of disco madness. Gilles is Grégoire Colin, who has worked with Denis before (on *Nénette et Boni*) and was also seen as the heartless rich boy in Erick

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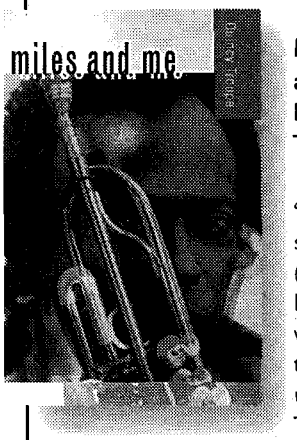

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Zonca's *The Dreamlife of Angels*. Here, as the lowest-ranking of Legionnaires, he scarcely gets to utter a word. The scene of his performance is confined to the surface of his skin; he breathes the character through his pores. Bruno is Michel Subor, his face composed into a mask of cynicism. Underneath it lies a glamour-puss past, which Denis calls up by showing a head shot from the years when Subor appeared in *Jules et Jim* and *Le Petit Soldat*.

How to sum up a film that's both audacious and immaculate, crazed and beautiful, eloquent and yet, at its heart, profoundly silent? Maybe the best I can do is to Anglicize the title: Nice work.

Film critic David Walsh writes to draw my attention, and yours, to recent attacks against Deepa Mehta, who has been attempting to shoot a new feature, *Water*, in the Indian state of Uttar Pradesh. It appears that local groups of Hindu nationalists, egged on by the ruling Bharatiya Janata Party, have rampaged through Mehta's set and issued death threats against her. The state government has joined in by blocking production, on the grounds that Mehta provoked the disturbances.

Information about the attacks can be found on the World Socialist Web Site (www.wsws.org). The site is also soliciting statements of support for Mehta. Whatever small help you can extend to her, through wsws.org or elsewhere, please do. A government, a political party and a religious organization are all allied against this one unarmed woman, in fear of the colored shadows she might throw upon a screen. ■

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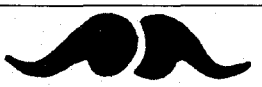

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EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, NATIONAL POLICE ACCOUNTABILITY Project of the National Lawyers Guild. Coordinate national-impact litigation strategy; fundraising/fiscal; membership; public education; legislative advocacy; media relations. Qualifications: significant legal and/or nonprofit-management experience, commitment to progressive legal struggles, understanding of police accountability. Some travel. Women and minority candidates encouraged to apply. $40,000 plus benefits. Start July 5. Letter, résumé, 2 writing samples, 3 references by June 1 to NPAP Search Committee, c/o Annette Dickerson, Center for Constitutional Rights, 666 Broadway, 7th floor, New York, NY 10012; fax (212) 614-6432. No phone calls.

ORGANIZERS. NATIONWIDE CAMPAIGN to bring peace and human rights into 2000 elections seeks lead organizers for major states including New Jersey, Michigan, California. Experience required in community outreach, volunteer mobilization, getting earned media, fundraising. $1,500–$2,000/month, benefits. Deadline: April 7; start April 26. People of color and women urged to apply. Contact Van Gosse, Peace Action, 1819 H Street NW, #420, Washington, DC 20006; fax (202) 862-9762; see www.peace-action.org for full job description.

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PART-TIME SECRETARY/LEGAL ASSISTANT. Progressive NYC civil rights law firm seeks individual with strong PC and communications skills, including WP8.0. BA/BS. Benefits. Résumé to Nation Box 339.

WANTED: AWARD-WINNING, NYC-BASED TV PRODUCTION company seeks interns for reporting, research and field production for national television programs. Part or full time. Call (212) 307-6280 or fax résumé to (212) 586-9870.

NONPROFIT DEVELOPMENT COORDINATOR. Low 20s w/ benefits. See www.whistleblowers.org/job.htm. Send résumé to NWC, 3238 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20007. AA/EOE.

THE SERVICE EMPLOYEES INTERNATIONAL UNION, the nation's fastest growing labor organization representing more than 1.3 million workers, seeks campaign-oriented researchers for positions in Washington, DC, and California. Candidates for all positions must have a commitment to progressive social change and activist experience; demonstrated research and writing ability; good quantitative and computer research skills; and an ability to work well under tight deadlines in a team environment. (1) BUILDING SERVICE RESEARCHER IN WASHINGTON, DC: mid-level researcher to support organizing and collective bargaining for Justice for Janitors campaigns. Includes tracking the real estate and facilities-maintenance industries, researching companies and building owners, and providing support activities for local and national campaigns. (2) HEALTHCARE RESEARCHER IN WASHINGTON, DC: campaign-oriented senior-level researcher. Must have strong technical and quantitative ability, substantial research experience and proven leadership skills. Healthcare knowledge a plus. (3) HEALTHCARE CAMPAIGN RESEARCHERS, CALIFORNIA: Lead and entry-level researchers needed to support organizing. Must have good quantitative skills and ability to apply them in organizing campaign. One or more of the following useful at entry level and essential for leads: background analyzing or working in healthcare; corporate financial-analysis skills; experience in research for unions or other activist groups. (3) PUBLIC SECTOR RESEARCHER IN WASHINGTON, DC: mid-level researcher needed to support organizing and collective bargaining in the public sector, support fight-back campaigns against the privatization of public services. Includes analysis of policy issues and fiscal analysis of local and state governments. Please send résumé and writing samples to PO Box 34104-TN/Researcher, Washington, DC 20043; fax (202) 898-3407; e-mail hrres@seiu.org (in MS Word or plain-text format). EOE.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

DIRECTOR OF THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE LABOR CENTER in Olympia, WA. The educational focus of the Center is to develop programs in a collaborative fashion with organized labor and labor-support groups to address issues relevant to workers' union and work lives. The director manages a small staff, collaborates with the College and labor groups, and administers and promotes the development of Center resources. The position involves non-credit teaching in programs for unions, community organizations and college groups. Continuing programs include an annual summer school for union women and events addressing racism, popular economics and labor history. The Center collaborates with local unions to create educational programs on member representation, bargaining, organizing and strategic planning. Salary: $40,000 a year plus benefits. Minimum qualifications: BA/BS plus 2 years' experience developing, delivering and facilitating labor-education programming, OR an MA/MS plus demonstrated experience preparing and presenting educational programs for unions and community members. Preferred qualifications: 2 years' experience in labor representation, bargaining and/or organization; fundraising and/or grant-writing experience. Review of completed applications begins April 17. For information and application call (360) 866-6000, ext. 6361, or view on the Internet (www.evergreen.edu/user/HRS). Hearing/speech impaired may call (360) 866-6695 (TTY). EOE/ADA/AA.

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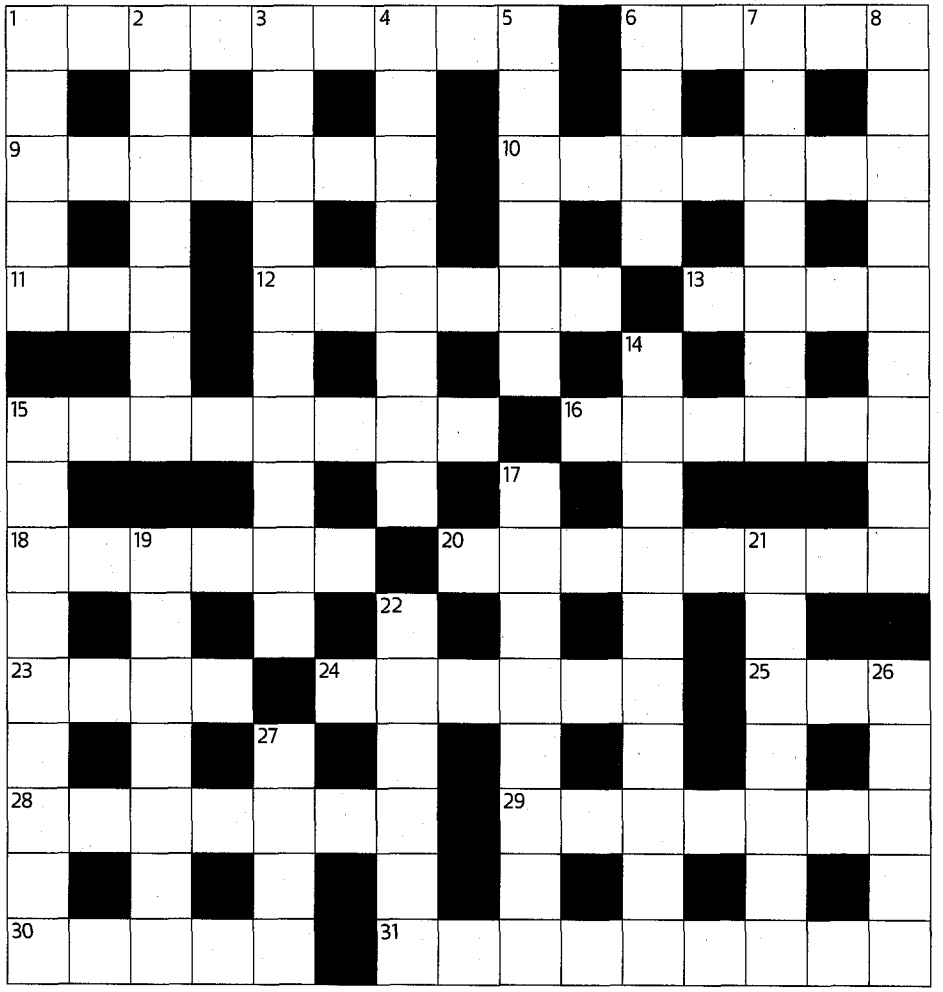

ACROSS

1, **22** down, **6** and **16** across, **17** down, **30** and **12** across They probably shouldn't throw parties, either! (6,3,4,2,5,6,8,5,6)

9 Might it show the opinions of Muscovites about the breed? (7)

10 Worry was viewed the wrong way with something on the bench. (4,3)

11 Certainly not like 25, tho possibly a form of it. (3)

12 See 1

13 See 6 down

15 Contended to be about the return of enemy shots, which could be checked on as accurate. (8)

16 See 1

18 As a swap for Roland, an even match! (6)

20 Displays about everything that isn't in deep water. (8)

23 Is this what a jot came from, looking like 10 at turning back? (4)

24 Cut by the very stylish, as one might calculate. (6)

25 It's valuable in thieves' cant but easy to liquidate when it gets 11. (3)

28 The unworldly girl might make the motor seize up around the upper-crust type. (7)

29 Turn aside when I've brought back Dec. 25, for example, as its environment. (7)

30 See 1

31 There are such times for being born in fancy style, with time spent in Pietermaritzburg. (5,4)

DOWN

1 Where a bird might sit and fish. (5)

2 Certainly not a young 'un—at least not young when the rest is disturbed. (7)

3 Tends to be appearances, later. (5,5)

4 Acted like a pig because part of the construction wasn't paid for? (8)

5 Such printing is certainly not found where the performance takes place. (6)

6 and **13** across Enters like 2 does to 6, or possibly 3. (4,4)

7 Told to go away when sailors are about, as one does oneself, when not present. (7)

8 What one did at the races, perhaps, could be helpful in a lot of cuts. (9)

14 Bellow madly at what is very bad—bad for an important crop, too. (4,6)

15 Does a bad one just scrape along for a living? (9)

17 See 1 across

19 All but the end of the greeting might make a 24. (7)

21 Do you find it OK, in a way? (7)

22 See 1 across

26 They might hold water coming out of the sewer. (5)

27 As they used to say, she was pure as this, 'til she drifted! (4)

PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: Puzzled, *The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our Web site at www.thenation.com/print/hints.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2748

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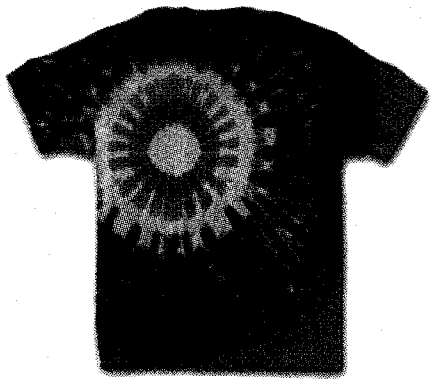

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